THE

FABLE

OF

CUPID AND PSYCHE,

&c. &c.

by Taylor

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BRITISH MUSEUM

Sir Given Mr Henry Thiffen
longs to William Fellingham
Brick Court
Temple.

THE

FABLE

OF

CUPID AND PSYCHE,

Translated from the Latin of Apuleius:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A POETICAL PARAPHRASE

ON THE

SPEECH OF DIOTIMA,

IN THE

BANQUET OF PLATO;

FOUR HYMNS, &c. &c.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION,

IN WHICH THE MEANING OF THE FABLE IS UNFOLDED.

Ιδὲ με, ζωας Νοερας ταμια
Ιδὲ σαν ικετιν Ψυχαν, επι γας Νοεραις ανοδοις Επιβαλλομεναν
Λιβας ουρανια Κεχυμαι κατα γας.
Παγα με δεδου Οθεν εξεχυθην Φυγας αληθις.

SYNESIUS.

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1795.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

PRESIDENT, COUNCIL, AND MEMBERS

OF THE

ROYAL ACADEMY,

THE FOLLOWING

TRANSLATION AND EXPLANATION

OF THE

FABLE

OF

CUPID AND PSYCHE,

WHICH HAS BEEN A FAVORITE SUBJECT
OF THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS,
ANCIENT AND MODERN,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THOMAS TAYLOR.

BRITISH MUSEUM

INTRODUCTION.

THE following well-known fable is extracted from the Metamorphoſes of Apuleius, a work replete with elegance and erudition, in which the marvellous and myſtic are happily combined with hiſtorical preciſion, and the whole of which is compoſed in a ſtyle inimitably glowing and diffuſe.

Its author was by birth an African, and, by profeſſion, a Platonic philoſopher. From the account which he gives of himſelf, it appears moſt probable that he lived in the times of Antoninus Pius, and his illuſtrious

brothers. He ſeems to have been very much addicted to the ſtudy of magic, but has very ably cleared himſelf from the accuſation of practiſing it, which was brought againſt him, in an Oration, the whole of which is ſtill extant. However, though he was a man of extraordinary abilities, and held a diſtinguiſhed place among the Platonic philoſophers of that period, yet he was inferior to any one of that golden race of philoſophers, of which the great Plotinus ſtands at the head. Of the truth of this obſervation few indeed of the preſent age are likely to be convinced, from that baſe prejudice which has taken ſuch deep root in the minds of men of every deſcription, through the declamations of thoſe literary bullies, the verbal critics, on the one hand, and the fraudulent harangues of ſophiſtical prieſts on the other. Poſte-

rity, however, will warmly patronize my aſſertion, and vindicate the honours of thoſe venerable heroes, the latter Platoniſts, when *ſuch* critics and *ſuch* prieſts are covered with the ſhades of eternal oblivion.

The following beautiful fable, which was deſigned to repreſent the lapſe of the human ſoul from the intelligible world to the earth, was certainly not invented by Apuleius; for, as will appear in the courſe of the Introduction, it is evidently alluded to by Syneſius, in his book *On Dreams*, and obſcurely by Plato and Plotinus. It is clear, therefore, that Plato could not derive his alluſion from Apuleius; and as to Plotinus and Syneſius, thoſe who are at all acquainted with the writings of the Greek philoſophers, well know that they never borrowed from Latin authors, from a juſt con-

viction that they had the ſources of perfection among themſelves.

I have ſaid that this fable repreſented the lapſe of the human ſoul; of the truth of this the philoſophical reader will be convinced by the following obſervations: In the firſt place, the gods, as I have elſewhere ſhown, are ſuper-eſſential natures, from their profound union with the firſt cauſe, who is ſuper-eſſential without any addition. But though the gods, through their ſummits or unities, tranſcend eſſence, yet their unities are participated either by intellect alone, or by intellect and ſoul, or by intellect, ſoul, and body; from which participations the various orders of the gods are deduced. When, therefore, intellect, ſoul, and body are in conjunction ſuſpended from this ſuper-eſſential unity, which is the center flower or bloſſom of a di-

vine nature, then the god from whom they are ſuſpended is called a mundane god. In the next place, the common parents of the human ſoul are the intellect and ſoul of the world; but its proximate parents are the intellect and ſoul of the particular ſtar about which it was originally diſtributed, and from which it firſt deſcends. In the third place, thoſe powers of every mundane god, which are participated by the body ſuſpended from his nature, are called mundane; but thoſe which are participated by his intellect, are called ſuper-mundane; and the ſoul, while ſubſiſting in union with theſe ſuper-mundane powers, is ſaid to be in the intelligible world; but when ſhe wholly directs her attention to the mundane powers of her god, ſhe is ſaid to deſcend from the intelligible world, even while ſubſiſting in the Heavens.

Thus much being premiſed, let us proceed to the explanation of the fable: Pſyche, then, or ſoul, is deſcribed as tranſcendantly beautiful; and this indeed is true of every human ſoul, before it profoundly merges itſelf in the defiling folds of dark matter. In the next place, when Pſyche is repreſented as deſcending from the ſummit of a lofty mountain into a beautiful valley, this ſignifies the deſcent of the ſoul from the intelligible world into a mundane condition of being, but yet without abandoning its eſtabliſhment in the Heavens. Hence the palace which Pſyche beholds in the valley is, with great propriety, ſaid to be "a royal houſe, which was not raiſed by human, but by divine, hands and art." The gems, too, on which Pſyche is ſaid to have trod in every part of this palace, are evidently ſymbolical of the ſtars. Of

this mundane, yet celeſtial, condition of being, the incorporeal voices which attend upon Pſyche are likewiſe ſymbolical: for outward diſcourſe is the laſt image of intellectual energy, according to which the ſoul alone operates in the intelligible world. As voices, therefore, they ſignify an eſtabliſhment ſubordinate to that which is intelligible, but ſo far as denudated of body, they alſo ſignify a condition of being ſuperior to a terrene allotment.

Pſyche, in this delightful ſituation, is married to an inviſible being, whom ſhe alone recognizes by her ears and hands. This inviſible huſband proves afterwards to be Love; that is to ſay, the ſoul, while eſtabliſhed in the Heavens, is united with pure *deſire*, (for *Love* is the ſame with *deſire*) or, in other words, is not faſcinated with

outward form. But in this beautiful palace ſhe is attacked by the machinations of her two ſiſters, who endeavour to perſuade her to explore the form of her unknown huſband. The ſiſters, therefore, ſignify imagination and nature; juſt in the ſame manner as reaſon is ſignified by Pſyche. Their ſtratagems at length take effect, and Pſyche beholds and falls in love with Love; that is to ſay, the rational part, through the incentives of phantaſy and the vegetable power, becomes united with impure or terrene deſire; for viſion is ſymbolical of union between the perceiver and thing perceived. In conſequence of this illicit perception Cupid, or *pure deſire*, flies away, and Pſyche, or ſoul, is precipitated to earth. It is remarkable that Pſyche, after falling to the ground, is repreſented as having "*a ſtumbling and often reeling gait*;" for Plato, in the

Phædo, ſays, that the ſoul is drawn into body with a *ſtaggering* motion.

After this commence the wanderings of Pſyche, or ſoul, in ſearch of Love, or pure deſire, from whoſe embraces ſhe is unhappily torn away. In the courſe of her journey ſhe arrives at the temples of Ceres and Juno, whoſe aid ſhe ſuppliantly implores. Her conduct, indeed, in this reſpect is highly becoming; for Ceres comprehends in her eſſence Juno, who is the fountain of ſouls; and the ſafety of the ſoul ariſes from converting herſelf to the divine ſources of her being.

In the next place Venus is repreſented deſiring Mercury to proclaim Pſyche through all lands, as one of her female ſlaves that has fled from her ſervice. It is likewiſe ſaid that

ſhe gave him a ſmall volume, in which the name of Pſyche was written, and every other particular reſpecting her. Now I think it cannot be doubted but that Syneſius alludes to this part of the fable in the following paſſage from his admirable book *On Dreams**: "When the ſoul deſcends ſpontaneouſly to its former life, with mercenary views, it receives ſervitude as the reward of its mercenary labours. But this is the deſign of deſcent, that the ſoul may accompliſh a certain ſervitude to the nature of the univerſe, preſcribed by the laws of Adraſtia, or inevitable fate. Hence when the ſoul is faſcinated with material endowments, ſhe is ſimilarly affected to thoſe who, though free born, are, for

* See my Hiſtory of the Reſtoration of the Platonic Theology, at the end of Vol. II. of Proclus on Euclid, in which a tranſlation of the greater part of this excellent piece is given.

a certain time, hired by wages to employments, and in this condition captivated with the beauty of ſome female ſervant, determine to act in a menial capacity under the maſter of their beloved object. Thus, in a ſimilar manner, when we are profoundly delighted with external and corporeal goods, we confeſs that the nature of matter is beautiful, who marks our aſſent in her ſecret book; *and if, conſidering ourſelves as free, we at any time determine to depart, ſhe proclaims us deſerters, endeavours to bring us back, and openly preſenting her myſtic volume to the view, apprehends us as fugitives from our miſtreſs.* Then, indeed, the ſoul particularly requires fortitude and divine aſſiſtance, as it is no trifling conteſt to abrogate the confeſſion and compact which ſhe made. Beſides, in this caſe force will be employed; for the material inflic-

ters of puniſhments will then be rouſed to revenge by the decrees of fate againſt the rebels to her laws."

Venus, however, muſt not be conſidered here as the nature of matter; for though ſhe is not the celeſtial Venus, but the offspring of Dione, yet ſhe is that divine power which governs all the co-ordinations in the celeſtial world and the earth, binds them to each other, and perfects their generative progreſſions through a kindred conjunction. As the celeſtial Venus, therefore, ſeparates the pure ſoul from generation, ſo ſhe that proceeds from Dione binds the impure ſoul, as her legitimate ſlave, to a corporeal life.

After this follows an account of the difficult taſks which Pſyche is obliged to execute by the commands of Venus; all which are images of the

mighty toils and anxious cares which the ſoul muſt neceſſarily endure after her lapſe, in order to atone for her guilt, and recover her ancient reſidence in the intelligible world. In accompliſhing the laſt of theſe labours ſhe is repreſented as forced to deſcend even to the dark regions of Hades; by which it is evident that Pſyche is the image of a ſoul that deſcends to the very extremity of things, or that makes the moſt extended progreſſion before it returns. But Pſyche, in returning from Hades, is oppreſſed with a profound ſleep, through indiſcreetly opening the box given her by Proſerpine, in which ſhe expected to find a portion of divine beauty, but met with nothing but an infernal Stygian ſleep. This obſcurely ſignifies that the ſoul, by conſidering a corporeal life as truly beautiful, paſſes into a profoundly dormant ſtate: and it ap-

pears to me that both Plato and Plotinus allude to this part of our fable in the following paſſages, for the originals of which I refer the reader to my Diſſertation on the Eleuſinian and Bacchic Myſteries, p. 10. In the firſt place, then, Plato, in the ſeventh book of his Republic, obſerves, that "He who is not able, by the exerciſe of his reaſon, to define the idea of *the good* ſeparating it from all other objects, and piercing, as in a battle, through every kind of argument: endeavouring to confute, not according to opinion, but according to eſſence, and proceeding through all the dialectical energies with an unſhaken reaſon, is in the preſent life ſunk in ſleep, and converſant with the deluſions of dreams; and that before he is rouſed to a vigilant ſtate, *he will deſcend to Hades, and be overwhelmed with a ſleep perfectly profound.*" And Plotinus, in

Ennead I. lib. 8, p. 80, ſays, "The death of the ſoul is, while merged, or baptized, as it were, in the preſent body, to deſcend into matter, and be filled with its impurity, and after departing from this body, to lie abſorbed in its filth till it returns to a ſuperior condition, and elevates its eye from the overwhelming mire. *For to be plunged into matter is to deſcend to Hades, and fall aſleep.*"

Cupid, however, or pure deſire, at length recovering his priſtine vigor, rouſes Pſyche, or ſoul, from her deadly lethargy. In conſequence of this, having accompliſhed her deſtined toils, ſhe aſcends to her native heaven, becomes lawfully united with Cupid, (for while deſcending her union might be called illegitimate) lives the life of the immortals; and the natural reſult of this union with pure deſire is plea-

ſure or delight. And thus much for an explanation of the fable of Cupid and Pſyche. For farther particulars reſpecting the lapſe of the ſoul, ſee my Introduction to, and Tranſlation of, Plotinus on the Deſcent of the Soul, and my Diſſertation on the Eleuſinian and Bacchic Myſteries.

I only add, that the Paraphraſe on the Speech of Diotima, the Hymns, ſome of which are illuſtrative of the Speech, and the other pieces of poetry, are added at the requeſt of a gentleman, whoſe thirſt after knowledge, endeavours to promote it, elegant taſte, and friendſhip for the author, demand a panegyric executed in a more maſterly manner at leaſt, though not with greater ſincerity, than by the following lines:

While ſome, the vileſt of a puffing age,
With fulſome adulation ſtain the page,
And time's irrevocable moments waſte
In baſe compliance with degenerate taſte,
Riſe honeſt muſe; and to thy lib'ral lyre
Symphonious ſing what friendſhip ſhall inſpire.
Say, ſhall the wretch, to gain devoted, claim
A place conſpicuous 'midſt the ſons of fame;
For ill-got wealth with dying accents giv'n,
To bribe the vengeance of impartial Heav'n?
And ſhall not *he* who, 'midſt the din of trade,
Has homage at the Muſe's altars paid;
Aſtoniſh'd view'd the depth of Plato's thought,
And ſtrove to ſpread the truths ſublime he taught—
Attention gain, and gratitude inſpire,
And with his worth excite the poet's fire?
Yes, PHRONIMUS, my muſe, in lib'ral lays,
This friendly tribute to thy merit pays;
And ardent hopes that ages yet unborn
May ſee well pleas'd thy name her works adorn!

ERRATA.

P. 65, for Chap. *VIII.*, read Chap. X.
79, for *Peotical*, read Poetical.

THE

FABLE

OF

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

CHAP. I.

IN a certain city lived a king and a queen, who had three daughters of conſpicuous beauty. Of theſe the two elder, though of the moſt agreeable form, were not thought too lovely to be celebrated by the praiſes of mankind; but the beauty of the younger ſiſter was ſo great and illuſtrious, that it could neither be expreſſed nor ſufficiently praiſed by the poverty of human diſcourſe. Laſtly, a multitude of the citizens, and abundance of ſtrangers, whom the rumor

of the exalted ſpectacle had collected together, full of ardent zeal, ſtupid with admiration of her inacceſſible beauty, and moving their right hand to their mouths, while their fore-finger was placed on their erect thumb, venerated her with religious adorations, as if ſhe had been the goddeſs Venus herſelf.

And now fame had pervaded the neighbouring cities and contiguous regions, and had reported that the goddeſs whom the azure profundity of the deep brought forth, and the dew of the foamy billows nouriſhed, now every where exhibiting her divinity, was converſant with the midſt of the people; or certainly that once more, from a new bloſſom of the celeſtial ſtars, not the ſea, but the earth, had produced another Venus, endued with virgin-like flower. Thus opinion increaſed immenſely every day; thus extended fame wandered over the neighbouring iſlands, the more diſtant lands, and a multitude of provinces. Now many mortals, by long journeys on the land, and over the

deep paſſages of the ſea, came to behold the glorious ſpecimen of the age: no one ſailed to Paphos, no one to Cnidus, nor even to Cythera, for the ſpectacle of the goddeſs Venus. The ſacred concerns of the goddeſs were brought forth, her temples were deformed, her ceremonies neglected, her images uncrowned, and her deſolate altars defiled with frigid aſhes, while a girl was ſupplicated in her ſtead, and the divinity of ſo great a goddeſs was appeaſed in a human countenance; and the name of the abſent Venus was propitiated in the morning progreſſions, victims, and banquets of the virgin. And now the people, frequently aſſembling in the ſtreets, with flowers entwined in garlands, and looſely ſcattered, prayed to her divinity.

This immoderate tranſlation of celeſtial honors to the worſhip of a mortal virgin inflamed the vehement mind of the true Venus; ſo that impatient of indignation, and raging high with her agitated head, ſhe thus diſcourſed with herſelf:—"Behold the antient

parent of nature, lo, the firſt origin of the elements; behold the bountiful Venus of the whole univerſe, the honour of whoſe majeſty is divided with a mortal girl, and whoſe name, raiſed to the heavens, is prophaned by ſordid terreſtrials. Indeed, by ſharing in common the expiations which are offered to divinity I ſuſtain an uncertain part of deputed veneration, and a girl obnoxious to mortality bears about my celeſtial image. It is in vain that the ſhepherd, whoſe juſtice and faith the mighty Jupiter approved, preferred me to ſuch great goddeſſes, on account of my illuſtrious form. But ſhe who thus rejoices, whoſoever ſhe be, ſhall not uſurp my honours; for I will cauſe her to repent of this her illicit beauty." Upon this ſhe immediately calls her ſon; that winged and ſufficiently raſh youth, who, with his depraved manners contemning public diſcipline, armed with flames and arrows, running through ſtrange houſes by night, and corrupting the matrimony of all, commits ſuch mighty wickedneſs with impunity, and effects nothing uſe-

ful and good. Him, though haughty by genuine licenſe, ſhe ſtimulates by her words: ſhe brings him to the city and openly ſhews him Pſyche, (for this was the name of the girl,) and having told him the whole tale concerning the emulation of her beauty, groaning and raging with indignation, "I beſeech thee," ſays ſhe, "by the leagues of maternal love, by the ſweet wounds of thy arrow, by the mellifluous burnings of that flame, to afford thy parent full revenge, and ſeverely puniſh that rebellious beauty. Above all, willingly effect this one thing, that the virgin may be detained by the love of the loweſt of mankind, whom fortune has deprived of his dignity, patrimony, and ſafety; and ſo infirm that he may not find his equal in miſery throughout the world." Having thus ſpoke, and for a long time, and cloſely embraced her ſon with ardent kiſſes, ſhe ſought the neighbouring coaſts of the refluent ſhore, and with roſy feet trod on the topmoſt dew of the vibrating waves.

Behold now the water of the profound deep was appeaſed from its vertex, and the marine train which ſhe juſt began to wiſh appeared without delay, as if ſhe had previouſly commanded its attendance. The daughters of Nereus were preſent ſinging chorus; and Portumnus, rough with his cerulean beard, and Salacia, heavy with her fiſhy boſom, ſmall Palæmon, the charioteer of a dolphin, the company of Tritons every where furrowing the ſea, while this ſoftly blows his ſounding ſhell, that with a ſilken covering reſiſts the unfriendly ardor of the ſun, another carries a mirror before the eyes of his miſtreſs, and others ſwim under the two-yok'd car. Such was the train which attended Venus proceeding to the ocean.

In the mean time Pſyche perceived no advantage to herſelf from her admirable beauty, ſhe was ſeen by all and praiſed by all, yet no one, neither kings nor nobles, nor of the common people, approached as a ſuitor for

her poſſeſſion in marriage; they admired indeed her divine form, but they all admired it as an image artificially poliſhed. Formerly her two ſiſters, whoſe moderate beauty had not been celebrated by mankind, being married to ſuitor-kings, now obtained happy nuptials; but the virgin Pſyche, ſitting deſolate at home, lamented her deſerted ſolitude, ſick in her body and wounded in her ſoul; and though pleaſing to all nations, ſhe hates her beauty in herſelf. But the moſt miſerable father of the moſt unfortunate daughter, ſuſpecting the celeſtial hatred, and fearing the wrath of the gods, queſtioned the moſt antient oracle of the Mileſian god, and ſought of ſo great a divinity, by prayers and victims, nuptials and a huſband for the unbeloved virgin. Apollo therefore, though a Grecian and Ionian, on account of the builder of Mileſia, gave the following oracle in Latin verſe:

On ſome high mountain's craggy ſummit place
The virgin, deck'd for deadly nuptial rites;
Nor hope a ſon-in-law of mortal race,

But a dire miſchief, viperous and fierce;
Who flies through æther, and, with fire and ſword,
Tires and debilitates whate'er exiſts:
Terrific to the powers that reign on high,
E'en mighty Jove the wing'd deſtroyer dreads;
And ſtreams and Stygian ſhades abhor the peſt.

The king, whoſe days till then had been crowned with felicity, on hearing this ſacred oracle, returned ſlowly home, oppreſſed with ſorrow, and diſcloſed to his wife the commands of unpropitious fate. Many days were paſſed on this occaſion in grief, weeping, and lamentation: but the cruel injunctions of the dire oracle now require to be accompliſhed; now preparations were made for the deadly nuptials of the moſt miſerable virgin; now the nuptial was changed into a funeral torch, and the ſound of the Zygian pipe into the querulous Lydian meaſure. The joyful Hymeneal ſong cloſed with mournful howling, and the wretched bride wiped away her tears with her own nuptial veil. The whole city likewiſe lamented the ſad deſtiny of the royal houſe, and public

mourning was immediately proclaimed on the occaſion.

The neceſſity, however, of complying with the celeſtial mandates importunately urged the miſerable Pſyche to her deſtined puniſhment. The ſolemnities therefore of the mournful marriage being accompliſhed with extreme ſorrow, the living funeral takes place, followed by all the people, and the weeping Pſyche attends not her nuptials, but her obſequies. However, while her ſorrowful parents, who were overwhelmed with ſuch a mighty evil, endeavoured to delay the execution of the nefarious ſentence, ſhe herſelf exhorted them to a compliance, in the following words: " Why do you torture your unhappy old age with long-continued weeping? Why do you waſte your ſpirits, which, indeed, are more mine than yours, with ſuch frequent groans? Why do you deform your countenances, which in my ſight are ſo venerable, with unavailing tears? Why do you lacerate my eyes in your

own? Why thus do you tear your hoary hairs? Why thus beat your venerable breaſts? Theſe muſt be the rewards which you are to receive of my ſurpaſſing beauty, the truth of which, having ſuffered a deadly blow from villainous envy, you too late perceive. Alas! then ſhould you have wept and lamented, then bewailed me as one loſt, when the people and nations celebrated me with divine honours, and when with one voice they called me a new Venus. I now perceive, I now clearly ſee, that I alone periſh through the name of Venus. Lead me away, and place me on the rock to which I am deſtined by the oracle; I am in haſte to ſee this my noble huſband. Why do I delay? Why do I avoid his approach who is born for the deſtruction of the whole world?"

The virgin, having thus ſpoke, was ſilent, and, with undaunted ſteps, mingled herſelf with the pomp of the people that followed her. They advance to the deſtined rock of a lofty mountain, on the ſummit of which having left

the royal maid alone, with the nuptial torches extinguiſhed with their tears, they returned home with dejected heads and deſponding hearts: and her miſerable parents, indeed, ſinking under the weight of ſuch a mighty calamity, ſhut up the gates of their palace, hid themſelves in darkneſs, and abandoned themſelves to a perpetual night. But the mild gales of the gently-blowing zephyr gradually raiſed Pſyche, as ſhe ſtood trembling and weeping on the ſummit of the rock, her garments, through the tranquil breath of the god, orbicularly expanding, and bearing her through the hollows of a valley at the bottom of the mountain, ſoftly reclined her on the boſom of a flowery turf.

CHAP. II.

PSYCHE therefore, agreeably reclining in the flowery valley on a bed of dewy graſs, the mighty perturbation of her mind being appeaſed, enjoyed delightful repoſe. And being now ſufficiently refreſhed with ſleep, ſhe roſe with a more compoſed mind, and ſaw a grove thick planted with vaſt and lofty trees, and a fountain in the middle of the grove gently falling with glaſſy water. Near the lapſe of the fountain there was a royal houſe, which was not raiſed by human, but by divine hands and art. You might know from the very entrance of the palace that you beheld the ſplendid and pleaſant reſidence of a god; for the lofty cielings, which were curiouſly hollowed with citron-wood and ivory, were ſupported by golden pillars; and all the walls were ornamented in every part with ſilver carving, beaſts of various kinds

preſenting themſelves to the view in the veſtibule of the palace: wonderful was the man indeed, and endued with prodigious ſkill, or rather, it was ſome demigod or god, who faſhioned the ſilver carving with ſuch exquiſite ſubtility of art.

But the very pavement itſelf was formed from ſmall ſhells, admirably decorated with pictures of various kinds. Bleſſed, thrice bleſſed, are thoſe who tread on gems and bracelets! The other parts too of this wide-extended and regularly-diſpoſed palace were precious beyond all price; and the walls, being every where ſtrengthened with bars of gold, were ſo refulgent with their own ſplendor, that even in the abſence of the ſun they made for the palace a day of its own; ſo bright were the bedchambers, the porches, and the folding-doors. The furniture too was anſwerable to the majeſty of this abode, ſo that it might very properly be conſidered as a celeſtial palace, built by mighty Jupiter for his correſpondence with mankind.

Pſyche, invited by the delightful aſpect of the place, approached nearer, and, aſſuming a little more confidence, entered within the threſhold of the place. Preſently after, being allured by the charms of the beautiful viſion, every thing ſhe ſurveyed filled her with admiration: and in the more elevated part of the houſe ſhe beheld a magnificent repoſitory filled with immenſe riches; indeed, there is not any thing in the univerſe which this place does not contain. But amidſt the admiration which ſuch prodigious riches excited, this was particularly wonderful, that this treaſury of the whole world was not ſecured by any bars, or doors, or guards.

Here, while the eyes of Pſyche were raviſhed with delight, a voice, denuded of its body, thus addreſſed her: "And why, my miſtreſs," it ſaid, "are you aſtoniſhed at ſuch vaſt riches? All theſe are yours: betake yourſelf therefore to your bedchamber, and refreſh your wearied limbs on the bed, and when you think pro-

per repair to the bath; for we, whoſe voices you now hear, are your ſervants, who will diligently adminiſter to all your commands, and while we wait on your perſon, prepare royal banquets for your repaſt."

Pſyche perceived the goodneſs of divine providence, and complying with the admonitions of the incorporeal voices, firſt refreſhed herſelf with ſleep, and afterwards with the bath. Immediately too, perceiving in an adjacent ſemicircular building, near an elevated ſeat, every apparatus requiſite for ſupper, ſhe willingly reclined herſelf, conſidering this place as accommodated to her refreſhment; and inſtantly nectareous wines, and numerous diſhes of various kinds of food, were ſerved in without any viſible attendants, by the mere impulſe of a certain ſpirit; Pſyche at the ſame time perceiving no one, but alone hearing certain words, and having voices alone for her ſervants. After the table was furniſhed with this ſplendid banquet, a certain perſon entered, and

ſang without being ſeen; at the ſame time another inviſible muſician played on the harp; and, laſt of all, her ears were raviſhed with a full chorus from an inviſible band.

After theſe pleaſures were finiſhed, the evening now perſuading to repoſe, Pſyche retired to her bed; and when the night was far advanced a certain gentle ſound approached her ears. Then fearing for her virginity, on account of the profound ſolitude of the place, ſhe trembles, and is filled with horror, and dreads that which ſhe is ignorant of beyond any calamity. And now her unknown huſband approached, aſcended the bed, made her his wife, and haſtily left her before the riſing of the morning light. Immediately the attendant voices, who were the miniſters of the bedchamber, took care of every thing neceſſary on the occaſion. This courſe was continued for a long time; the novelty, by its conſtant repetition, (as it was natural it ſhould) became at laſt delightful; and the ſound of the uncertain voices was the ſolace of her ſolitude.

CHAP. III.

IN the mean time the parents of Pſyche grew old in unwearied ſorrow and lamentation; and the report of her deſtiny becoming more widely extended, her elder ſiſters came to know all the particulars reſpecting it, and immediately, being overwhelmed with ſorrow, haſtened to the preſence of their afflicted parents. On that very night the huſband of Pſyche thus addreſſed her, (for the hands and the ears were the only mediums of their preſent communication:)—"Moſt charming Pſyche, and dear wife, more cruel fortune now threatens thee with a deadly danger, which, I think, ought to be guarded againſt with the utmoſt attention: for now your ſiſters, who are diſturbed through the belief of your death, in conſequence of endeavouring to find out the place of your abode, will ſoon arrive at the rock on

which you were lately expoſed. If you ſhould chance to hear any of their lamentations, neither make them any reply, nor even turn your eyes towards them; for, by doing otherwiſe, you will be the cauſe of the greateſt grief to me, and of extreme deſtruction to yourſelf."

Pſyche aſſented, and promiſed that ſhe would act agreeably to her huſband's deſire. But as ſoon as he together with the night were fled, the moſt miſerable Pſyche conſumed the whole day in tears and lamentations; exclaiming that ſhe was now entirely loſt indeed, ſince, ſecurely confined in a bleſſed priſon, ſhe was deprived of human converſation, and not permitted to give ſalutary aſſiſtance to her ſorrowing ſiſters, nor even ſo much as to ſee them. Neither refreſhing herſelf therefore with the bath, nor with food, but weeping abundantly, ſhe retired to reſt. But her huſband coming more early than uſual, and embracing her weeping, thus expoſtulated with her: "Is this, my Pſyche, what you promiſed me? What can I, your

huſband, now expect from you? What can I now hope for, ſince neither by day nor by night, nor even in the midſt of our conjugal embraces, you ceaſe to be tormented with grief? But come, act now as you pleaſe, and comply with the pernicious deſires of your ſoul; however, when you begin too late to repent of your folly, call to mind my ſerious admonitions."

Pſyche after this had recourſe to prayers, and while ſhe threatens that ſhe ſhall die if her requeſt is denied, extorts from her huſband permiſſion to ſee her ſiſters, to aſſuage their grief, and enjoy their converſation. Thus he pardoned the entreaties of his new wife, and permitted her beſides to preſent her ſiſters with as much gold and as many jewels as ſhe pleaſed; but he again and repeatedly admoniſhed her, with the utmoſt earneſtneſs, not to be perſuaded by their pernicious advice to inquire concerning the form of her huſband; nor by a ſacrilegious curioſity hurl herſelf headlong from ſuch an

exalted fortune, and by this means deprive herſelf of his embraces.

She thanked her huſband for his indulgence, and becoming in conſequence of it more joyful; "but," ſays ſhe, "may I ſuffer death an hundred times rather than be deprived of thy moſt pleaſing embraces; for I love thee moſt vehemently, thee, whoever thou art, even as I love my own ſoul, nor would I compare thee to Cupid himſelf. But this alſo, I beſeech you, grant to my prayers, that your ſervant Zephyr may convey my ſorrowful ſiſters in the ſame manner in which he brought me hither." Then preſſing his lips with perſuaſive kiſſes, murmuring alluring words, and fondly folding him in her arms, ſhe thus addreſſed him in ſoothing accents: "My dear huſband, ſweet ſoul of thy Pſyche, be not averſe to my requeſt." The huſband reluctantly gave his conſent, and promiſed that all things ſhould be accompliſhed according to her deſire; and afterwards, in conſequence of the

approach of morning, vaniſhed from the arms of his wife.

But the ſiſters having inquired the way, arrived in haſte at the lofty rock upon which Pſyche was left abandoned, and there wept, and beat their breaſts, till the rocks reſounded with their repeated lamentations. And now they called on their miſerable ſiſter by her proper name, till the ſpreading ſound of their mournful voices, gliding down the declivities of the mountain, reached the ears of Pſyche, who, diſtracted and trembling, ran out of her palace, and thus addreſſed them: "Why do you in vain afflict yourſelf with miſerable lamentations? I whom you deplore am now preſent; ceaſe, therefore, your complaints, and at length dry up thoſe tears which you have ſo long ſhed for my loſs, ſince you may now embrace her whom you have ſo vehemently mourned."

Then calling Zephyr, ſhe acquaints him

with her huſband's commands, who, entirely obedient to the mandate of Cupid, brought them borne on the moſt gentle gales in ſafety to Pſyche. Now they embrace and are embraced, and mingle their mutual careſſes with frequent and haſty kiſſes; and the joy of finding her alive, after they had conſidered her as dead, ſoon put a period to their lamentations and tears. "But come," ſaid Pſyche, "enter with me my houſe, and recreate your afflicted mind with your Pſyche." Having thus ſpoken, ſhe led them into her golden palace, brought their ears acquainted with the populous family of voices that were ſubſervient to her commands, and ſumptuouſly refreſhed them in a moſt beautiful bath, and with the delicacies of her immortal table. But as ſoon as her ſiſters were ſatiated with this affluence of celeſtial riches, they began to nouriſh envy profoundly in their hearts: and at laſt one of them, with a very particular and curious importunity, inquired who was the maſter of theſe

celeſtial poſſeſſions? and who, and what ſort of a perſon, her huſband was?

Pſyche, however, by no means violated her huſband's injunctions, or ſuffered them to depart from the ſecret receſſes of her boſom; but feigning an account adapted to the occaſion, told them that he was a beautiful youth, whoſe cheeks were yet only ſhadowed with down, and that he was, for the moſt part, occupied in rural employments, and in hunting on the mountains. And leſt by any ſlip in the courſe of her converſation ſhe ſhould betray the ſecret advice, having loaded them with rich preſents of gold and jewels, ſhe called Zephyr, and ordered him to carry them to the lofty rock. This being immediately accompliſhed, theſe admirable ſiſters, as they were returning home, burning with the rancor of increaſing envy, diſcourſed much with each other, and at laſt one of them thus began: "Do but take notice how blind, cruel, and unjuſt fortune has proved! Were you, my ſiſter, pleaſed to find

that we, though born of the ſame parents, ſhould maintain ſuch a different rank in life? We who are elder are delivered over to be ſervants to huſbands in a foreign country, far exiled from our country and parents; but this youngeſt ſiſter, the offspring of exhauſted vigor, is raiſed to the enjoyment of this prodigious affluence, and of a god for her huſband, though ſhe does not know how to uſe in a proper manner ſuch an abundance of good. You ſaw, ſiſter, what a prodigious quantity of bracelets the houſe contained, what a number of ſhining garments, what bright gems, and what heaps of gold ſhe treads upon in every part of the palace. If to all this ſhe poſſeſſes a huſband ſo beautiful as ſhe aſſerts him to be, no one in the univerſe can live a happier life than herſelf: indeed, it may happen, through long-continued aſſociation, and corroborated affection, that her huſband, who is a god, may at length make her a goddeſs. By Hercules it muſt be ſo, for ſhe already conducts herſelf in a lofty manner; and the woman certainly

breathes the goddeſs who has voices for her ſervants, and commands even the winds themſelves. But I, miſerable creature, am, in the firſt place, tied to a huſband more aged than my father; and, in the next place, to one who is balder than a gourd, and ſhorter than a pigmy, and who ſecures every part of his houſe with bolts and chains."

"But I," replied the other ſiſter, "am deſtined to endure a huſband whoſe body is diſtorted with an articular diſeaſe; and though on this account he ſeldom rewards my pains with conjugal embraces, yet I am forced to ſpend a great part of my time in rubbing his diſtorted fingers, which are almoſt hardened into ſtone, with fetid fomentations, defiling theſe delicate hands with naſty rags and ſtinking poultices; acting, by theſe means, the part of a ſurgeon more than that of a wife. You, indeed, my ſiſter, ſeem to bear all this with a patient or rather ſervile ſoul, (for I will ſpeak what I think without reſtraint;) but, for

my own part, I can no longer endure that ſuch a bleſſed deſtiny ſhould have fallen to one who does not deſerve it. For only recollect in what a proud and arrogant manner ſhe behaved towards us! By her boaſting, and immoderate oſtentation, ſhe betrayed the haughtineſs of her ſwelling mind; of her immenſe riches gave us but a very trifling part; and immediately after, being weary of our company, ordered us to be turned out of doors, and to be puffed and hiſſed away. But I am not a woman, nor do I breathe, if I do not hurl her headlong from ſuch mighty poſſeſſions. And if our contumely affects you as it ought, let us both join in vigorous conſultation how we may accompliſh this deſign. In order to this, let us neither acquaint our parents nor any one elſe with our intention, nor inform them that we know any thing of her ſafety; it is ſufficient that we ourſelves have ſeen what it repents us to have ſeen, and let us not be the meſſengers of her happy condition to our parents and the people; for thoſe are not pro-

perly bleſſed whoſe riches no one is acquainted with. She ſhall know that we are not ſervants, but her elder ſiſters. And now, indeed, let us depart to our huſbands, and viſit our own poor habitations, for ſuch they are when compared with hers, and, being furniſhed with more compreſſed thoughts, let us return with greater firmneſs to the puniſhment of her pride."

The two wicked ſiſters conſider this evil advice as good, and concealing the precious gifts which they had received from Pſyche, diſheveling their hair, tearing their faces with diſſembled grief, and renewing fictious tears, returned to their parents. Theſe, however, the wounds of whoſe ſorrows they had again opened by their relation, they haſtily take their leave of, big with the madneſs of envy, and return to their own habitations, machinating nefarious guile, or rather parricide, againſt their innocent ſiſter.

CHAP. IV.

IN the mean time Pſyche's unknown huſband again thus admoniſhed her in his nocturnal diſcourſes: "Do you perceive what a mighty danger fortune is preparing for you at a diſtance, and which, unleſs you are more firmly guarded againſt than you have hitherto been, will ſoon aſſault you near at hand? Thoſe perfidious ſhe-wolves are, with mighty endeavours, forming baſe ſtratagems againſt you, the ſum of which is, that they may perſuade you to explore my countenance, which, as I have often told you, if you once ſee, you will ſee no more. If therefore thoſe worſt of ſorcerers come again, armed with noxious minds, (and I know they will come) avoid all diſcourſe with them; but if, through genuine ſimplicity and tenderneſs of diſpoſition, you are not able to accompliſh this, at leaſt be careful

neither to hear nor anſwer any inquiries concerning your huſband: for now we ſhall have a family of our own, and thy as yet infantine womb is now pregnant with an infant, who, if you conceal my ſecrets in ſilence, will be divine, but if you prophane them, will be mortal."

Pſyche rejoiced in the conſoling thoughts of a divine offspring, and was elated with the glory which would reſult from her future pledge, and with the dignity of a maternal name. She therefore anxiouſly numbered the increaſing days and departing months, and being ignorant in every thing relative to conception, wondered how her wealthy womb could receive ſuch an abundant increaſe.

But now thoſe peſts, and moſt cruel furies her ſiſters breathing viperous virulence, and haſtening their departure, ſailed with impious celerity. Then again the momentary huſband thus admoniſhed his Pſyche:—"The laſt day, and the moſt extreme misfortune are now ar-

rived. The malicious ſex and hoſtile blood have taken arms, removed their camp, drawn the army into battle array, and ſounded the charge. Now thy nefarious ſiſters are aiming with a drawn ſword at thy throat. Alas! moſt dear Pſyche, what mighty calamities now preſs upon us? Take pity, both on yourſelf and me! and by a religious continence of tongue, deliver your houſe, your huſband, yourſelf, and our little one from the misfortune of impending ruin. Neither ſee, nor hear thoſe wicked women, who, after the deadly hatred which they have conceived againſt thee, and having trampled on the ties of blood, deſerve not to be called ſiſters, when like the Syrens ſtanding on the mountain, they ſhall make the rocks reſound with their deadly voices."

Pſyche, in words interrupted by ſighs and tears, thus replied:—"You have for ſome time had convincing proofs of my fidelity and taciturnity; and the ſtrength of my mind ſhall

be no leſs approved by you in the preſent inſtance. Only order Zephyr to repeat his former office, and at leaſt grant me the ſight of my ſiſters, ſince I am not permitted to behold thy ſacred image. By thy fragrant and every way pendulous locks! By thy cheeks tender, ſmooth, and like my own! By thy breaſt glowing with I know not what kind of heat! By my hopes of at leaſt knowing thy face in this little one, I beſeech thee to comply with the pious prayers of thy ſuppliant, indulge me in the deſired embraces of my ſiſter, and recreate with joy the ſoul of Pſyche who is devoted to thy will; for then I ſhall no longer be anxious to explore thy countenance. Now nothing can hinder me from thy embrace, not even the darkneſs of night; for I hold thee my life in my arms."

The huſband being faſcinated by theſe words, and by her ſoft embraces, wiped away her tears with his fragrant locks, aſſured her that her

deſires ſhould be fulfilled, and immediately anticipated the light of the emerging day.

But the two ſiſters, who were confederates in miſchief, without calling on their parents, direct their courſe with precipitate velocity from the ſhips to the rock, and not waiting for the aſſiſtance of the elevating wind, leap on high, with licentious temerity. Zephyr, however, not unmindful of the royal mandate, though unwilling to execute it, reſtored them, reclining on the boſom of the gently-blowing gales, to the appointed place. Then with feet equally rapid, they enter the palace, concealing the foe under the name of ſiſter, embrace their prey, and veiling a treaſury of profoundly hidden fraud under a joyful countenance, thus flattered her: " Pſyche, not now ſo ſlender as you was before, ſince you are now almoſt a mother, what mighty good do you think you bear for us in your womb! With what prodigious joy will you exhilarate the whole of our houſe! O how happy ſhall we be through the

nurture of the golden infant, who if he correſponds in beauty as he ought to do to his parents, will be born a perfect Cupid."

Thus by a diſſembled affection they gradually invade the ſoul of their ſiſter, who, as ſoon as they had refreſhed themſelves from the fatigue of their journey with warm baths, regaled them on a couch in a moſt ſplendid manner, with all the dainties of a royal banquet. She ordered a harp to ſpeak, and ſome one immediately ſang to its harmony; flutes to be blown, and they immediately ſounded; a muſical band to ſing in chorus, and it inſtantly ſang; and though inviſible, raviſhed the ſouls of the hearers with the moſt mellifluous notes.

But the malice of theſe wicked women was not ſoftened by the honeyed ſweetneſs of the muſic; but turning their diſcourſe to the deſtined fraudulent ſnares, they begin in a diſſembling manner to inquire what ſort of a perſon ſhe was married to, and from what family

he was deſcended. Then ſhe, through her too great ſimplicity, having forgot the former account which ſhe had given of her huſband, invented a new ſtory reſpecting him. She told them that her huſband was of the next province; that he carried on a trade with abundance of money; and that he was now of a middle age, a gray hair being here and there ſcattered on his head: and without prolonging any further the diſcourſe, ſhe again committed them to the charge of the winds, after ſhe had loaded them with coſtly preſents. But while they return home ſublimely riding on the tranquil breath of Zephyr, they thus diſcourſed with each other:—"What can we ſay, ſiſter, of the monſtrous lies of that fooliſh creature? At one time, her huſband is a young man, with the down juſt beginning to ſpread over his chin, and at another time he is of a middle age, ſhining with hoary hairs! Who can this be, that in a ſhort ſpace of time, experiences the alteration of a ſudden old age? You may depend upon it, my ſiſter, that this vile woman

either forged this lie to deceive us, or that ſhe does not herſelf know the form of her huſband. But which ever of theſe is the caſe, ſhe muſt be deprived of theſe riches with the utmoſt expedition. Indeed, if ſhe is really ignorant of the form of her huſband, ſhe muſt have married a god, and through this pregnancy of her's, ſhe will preſent us with a god. However, ſhould ſhe happen to be the mother of a divine offspring, which heaven forbid! I ſhould immediately hang myſelf. Let us therefore in the mean time return to our parents, and by a well-coloured deceit, prevent them from apprehending our deſign."

The ſiſters thus enflamed, having called on their parents in a haſty manner, and paſſed through a night of interrupted ſleep, fly as ſoon as it was morning to the rock, and by the uſual vehicle of the wind deſcend rapidly down to Pſyche, whom with forced tears, they thus craftily addreſſed: "Happy in your own imagination, and bleſſed only in your ignorance of

evil, you ſit here inattentive to your own danger. But we who watch over your affairs with a vigilant care, are miſerably tormented at your loſt condition. For by diligent ſearch we have diſcovered (nor can we conceal from you the cauſe of our mutual grief, and your own misfortune) that a vaſt ſerpent who glides along the plain in various volumes, whoſe neck is ſwoln with noxious poiſon, and whoſe mouth widely gapes through profound gluttony, ſecretly ſleeps with you by night. Now call to mind the Pythian oracle, which declared that you was deſtined to many a fierce and terrible beaſt: and many of the inhabitants of this place, who hunt all round the country, have obſerved him returning home from his prey in the evening, and gliding through the ſhallows of the neighbouring river. Theſe declare, that he will not long feaſt you with delicious delicacies, but that as ſoon as a full womb ſhall have given maturity to your pregnancy, he will then devour you as a richer morſel. So that you have only to conſider whether you will

comply with the deſires of your ſiſters, who are anxious for your dear preſervation, and, avoiding death, live with us ſecure from danger, or be buried in the bowels of a moſt cruel beaſt. But if you are wedded to the vocal ſolitude of this country retreat, or to the filthy and dangerous enjoyment of clandeſtine venery, and the embraces of a poiſoned ſerpent, we have at leaſt acted like pious ſiſters in thus admoniſhing you of your danger."

Then the miſerable Pſyche, as being full of ſimplicity, and of a pliant diſpoſition, is ſeized with terror at the dire relation, and being thus quite beſide herſelf, loſes the remembrance of all her huſband's admonitions and her own promiſes, and hurls herſelf headlong into a profound abyſs of calamity. Trembling, therefore, and pale, and with an almoſt lifeleſs voice, ſhe thus addreſſed them, in broken words:— "You, indeed, moſt dear ſiſters, have acted, as it was proper you ſhould, with becoming piety towards me: and it appears to me that

thoſe who gave you this information did not invent a lie; for I have never yet beheld my huſband's face, nor do I know who or what he is; but only hearing him by night, I endure a huſband of an uncertain condition, and one that perpetually avoids the light of day. I am therefore of your opinion, that he is ſome monſtrous beaſt, who always terrifies me from attempting to behold him, and threatens ſome prodigious evil as the conſequence of curioſity reſpecting his countenance. Now, therefore, if you are able to give any ſalutary aſſiſtance to your ſiſter, who is thus dangerouſly ſituated, defer it not for a moment."

Theſe wicked women, having thus found an avenue to their pernicious deſign, by a full diſcovery of their ſiſter's condition, laying aſide the concealments of covered artifice, invade the trembling thoughts of the ſimple girl with the drawn ſword of deception. At length, therefore, one of them thus began: "Since the ties of blood oblige us to have no fear of danger

before our eyes in the purſuit of your ſafety, we will diſcover to you the only way which leads to your preſervation, and which has been the reſult of long-continued cogitation. Secretly conceal a very ſharp razor, which has been perfectly well ſet, in that part of the bed on which you are accuſtomed to lie; provide likewiſe an elegant lamp, full of oil and ſhining with a ſplendid light. Hide this lamp in ſome part of the encloſing tapeſtry; and, having acted with the utmoſt ſecrecy in theſe preparations, as ſoon as with furrowed ſteps he aſcends the accuſtomed bed, is ſtretched at length, and held faſt in the fetters of his firſt and ſoundeſt ſleep, then ſilently leaving the bed, and tripping along ſoftly with naked feet, free the lamp from its dark concealment, take advantage of its light to accompliſh your illuſtrious undertaking, and, with a bold heart, elevated right hand, and ſtrenuous exertion, cut off the head of the noxious ſerpent: nor ſhall our aſſiſtance be wanting to you in this affair; but we ſhall wait near with impatient anxiety till you have

procured your own ſafety by his death; and then bringing away with you all your inviſible attendants, we will join you, who are a woman, in votive nuptials to a man."

With ſuch pernicious diſcourſe having inflamed the boſom of their now perfectly ardent ſiſter, they left her, fearing in the higheſt degree the very confines of ſuch a mighty evil; and by the wonted impulſe of the winged gale, being raiſed on the rock, immediately hurl themſelves from thence with rapid flight, and having aſcended the ſhips, depart to their reſpective habitations.

CHAP. V.

BUT Pſyche, being left alone, if ſhe can be ſaid to be alone who is hurried along by pernicious furies, is toſſed with ſorrow like a raging ſea, and though her deſigns were fixed, and her mind was obſtinately bent to accompliſh what ſhe deſigned, yet now ſhe was beginning to apply her hands to the impious work, ſhe ſtaggers with uncertain determinations, and is diſtracted with the apprehenſion of her approaching calamities. She is now full of ſpeed, then dilatory; now bold, then fearful; now diffident, then angry; and what is moſt wonderful of all, in the ſame body ſhe loves the huſband and hates the beaſt. However, as ſoon as the evening drew on the night, ſhe prepares with precipitate haſte the inſtruments of her nefarious enterprize.

The night came; the husband was present; and after the first embraces he fell into a profound sleep. Then Psyche, who was otherwise of an imbecile body and mind, yet the cruelty of fate assisting her is now corroborated: hence, taking out the lamp, and snatching the razor, her boldness transformed her sex. But as soon as by the light of the lamp the secrets of the bed stood revealed, she saw the most mild and sweet of all wild beasts, even the beautiful god Cupid himself, most beautifully lying on the bed; by whose aspect the lamp itself participated of hilarity, and the razor repented itself of its sacrilegious edge.

But Psyche, terrified at the amazingly beautiful countenance of the god, impotent of mind, sinking through deadly paleness, and trembling, fell on her knees, and could not tell where so properly to hide the steel as in her own bosom, which indeed she would have done, had not the razor, afraid of a crime so prodigious, fled just then out of her rash hand. And now, as

ſhe kneels weary on the ground, by often beholding the beauty of his divine countenance, ſhe finds herſelf refreſhed. She ſees the genial locks of his golden head largely anointed with ambroſia; the ringlets, gracefully entangled, wandering over his milky neck and purple cheeks, ſome pendulous before and ſome behind, by whoſe exceſſive radiance the very light of the lamp ſhone with a wavering ſplendor. On the ſhoulders of the volatile god, wings of a ſhining whiteneſs were ſeen; and though they were not in motion, yet the outward tender and delicate down, tremuloufly rebounding, was unquietly wanton. The reſt of his body was ſmooth and elegant, and ſuch as Venus did not repent of bringing forth. At the foot of the bed lay his bow, his quiver, and his arrows, the propitious weapons of the mighty god.

Theſe while Pſyche with an inſatiable mind handles, and explores with eager curioſity, and admires her huſband's arms, ſhe draws out of

the quiver one of the arrows, and with the tip of her finger touching the point to try its ſharpneſs, by the bold preſſure of her trembling hand ſhe pierced the fleſh ſo deep, that ſome ſmall drops of roſy blood ſpread themſelves with dewy ſprinkling on her ſkin; and thus ignorant Pſyche voluntarily fell in love with LOVE. Then burning more and more with the deſire of Cupid, gazing on his face with inſatiable eyes, and multiplying petulant kiſſes, her only fear was leſt he ſhould wake too ſoon.

But while aſtoniſhed through ſuch a mighty good her wounded mind fluctuates, the lamp, whether through vile perfidy or noxious envy, or whether it longed to touch, and, as it were, kiſs ſuch a beautiful body, threw out a drop of boiling oil from the ſummit of its light on the right ſhoulder of the god. Strange, O bold and raſh lamp, and vile ſervant of love, that thou ſhouldſt burn the very god of all fire, though ſome lover firſt invented thee, that he might for a longer time enjoy by night the ob-

ject of his desire. The god thus burnt, leaped from the bed, and seeing the evidence of forfeited fidelity, silently flew away from the eyes and hands of his most unhappy wife. But Psyche immediately with both her hands caught hold of his right leg as he was mounting, being the miserable appendix of his sublime flight through the cloudy regions, till at length, through weariness, she fell to the ground.

CHAP. VI.

HER lover god, however, not yet deſerting her, as ſhe lay on the ground, flew to a neighbouring cypreſs tree, and being ſeverely agitated, thus ſpoke to her from its lofty top:—"Moſt ſimple Pſyche, I, unmindful of the commands of my mother Venus, who ordered me to cauſe you to be enamoured with ſome miſerable and mean ſon of the vulgar, choſe rather to fly to you as a lover myſelf. I know that I have acted in this reſpect lightly, and I, who am ſo excellent an archer, have wounded myſelf, with my own arrow, and have made you my wife, that I might, it ſeems, be conſidered by you as a beaſt, and that you might cut off my head, which bears thoſe very eyes by which you are beloved. This was the danger I ſo often warned you to beware of; this was the miſchief I ſo benevolently admoniſhed

you to conſider. But thoſe egregious counſellors of yours ſhall ſpeedily ſuffer from me the puniſhment of ſuch pernicious advice; while you I ſhall only puniſh by my flight." Thus ſpake Cupid, and with the concluſion of his ſpeech ſprang with his pinions on high.

But Pſyche lay proſtrate on the ground, gazing on her ſoaring huſband, as long as he remained in ſight, and afflicting herſelf with lamentations in the extreme. But when, by the rowing of his wings, diſtance had rendered him inviſible, ſhe threw herſelf from the bank of the next river headlong into its ſtream. The gentle river, however, in honor of the god, who uſed to burn the waters themſelves, and fearing for himſelf, immediately on the back of an innoxious wave delivered her ſafe to the flowery bank.

It happened at that time that the rural god Pan ſat on the margin of the river, embracing

the goddeſs Canna *, and teaching her to ſing in all manner of gentle ſtrains. Near them a wanton herd of kids brouzed on the graſſy bank. The ſhagged god, who was not ignorant of the misfortune of Pſyche, called her gently to him, and thus allured her in ſoothing language :—" Moſt elegant girl, I am indeed a rural perſon, and a ſhepherd, but through the benefit of an extended old age, I have acquired abundance of experience ; and if I rightly conjecture, ſince prudent men boaſt the power of divination, from your ſtumbling and often reeling gate, from the extreme paleneſs of your countenance, from your perpetual ſighing and ſorrowful eyes, you labor under an exceſs of love. Liſten therefore to me, attempt no more to drown yourſelf, or to put an end to your exiſtence by calling any other kind of death to your aſſiſtance ; but ceaſe to grieve, lay aſide your ſorrow, and rather by prayers worſhip Cupid, the greateſt of the gods, and

* This alludes to the well-known fable of Syrinx and Pan.

ſtrive to pleaſe him by bland obſequiouſneſs, as he is a delicate and luxurious youth."

The paſtoral god having thus ſpoken, Pſyche made no reply, but, adoring the ſalutary divinity, departed from the place. But before ſhe had travelled far, with painful ſteps purſuing an unknown path, ſhe drew near to a city in which the huſband of one of her ſiſters was king. This as ſoon as ſhe underſtood, ſhe deſired that her arrival might be announced to her ſiſter. Pſyche was accordingly introduced to her, and when the embraces of mutual ſalutation were over, to her ſiſter inquiring the cauſe of her viſit, ſhe thus began: — "You doubtleſs remember the advice you gave me, I mean that I ſhould deſtroy with a razor the beaſt that lay with me under the name of a huſband, before through voracious gluttony he deſtroyed me: but ſoon as by means of the conſcious light I beheld his countenance, I ſaw a ſpectacle perfectly wonderful and divine, the very ſon himſelf of the goddeſs Venus, Cupid

himſelf, I ſay, ſunk in gentle ſleep. And while ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at the ſight of ſuch a mighty good, and diſturbed through too great an abundance of pleaſure, I laboured under the want of enjoyment, by a moſt dire misfortune, the boiling oil bubbled to the ſummit of the lamp and leaped on the ſhoulder of the god. Being immediately awakened by the pain, when he beheld me armed with the weapon and the light, ‘ From whence,’ ſaid he, ‘ proceeds this dire wickedneſs of thine? Immediately quit my bed, and depart from my ſight: I will now immediately join myſelf in marriage to your ſiſter,’ (mentioning you expreſly by name,) and then he ordered Zephyr to blow me beyond the boundaries of his habitation.”

Pſyche had ſcarcely ended her relation, when the ſiſter, agitated by the incentives of luſt and baneful envy, having deceived her huſband by a preconcerted fiction reſpecting the death of her parents, immediately ſet ſail for the rock on

which Pſyche had been expoſed; and though another wind then blowed, yet, elated with blind hope, ſhe exclaimed, "Receive me, Cupid, a wife worthy thy embraces; and thou, Zephyr, receive thy miſtreſs." Then leaping up as high as ſhe was able, ſhe fell headlong from the mountain, unable even when dead to arrive at the palace of Cupid; for her limbs were torn in pieces by the rocks as ſhe fell, and her bowels became, as they deſerved to be, food for birds and beaſts of prey. Nor was the vengeance which remained to be inflicted ſlow in its approaches: for Pſyche with wandering ſteps arrived at another city, where her other ſiſter reigned, who, deceived and ſinning in the ſame manner, haſtened to the rock, and died in the ſame manner as her ſiſter had done before.

CHAP. VII.

IN the mean time, while Pſyche wandered over various realms anxiouſly ſearching after Cupid, he, through the pain of the wound from the lamp, lay groaning in the bedchamber of his mother. Then that extremely white bird, the ſea-gull, who ſwims with his wings on the waves of the ſea, haſtily merged himſelf in the profound boſom of the ocean. There placing himſelf near Venus as ſhe was bathing and ſwimming, he informed her that her ſon was ſeverely burnt, that he was groaning with the pain of the wound, and that his cure was doubtful; that beſides this the whole family of Venus was every where reviled; in the firſt place Cupid, becauſe he had retired to a mountain in order to have illicit connection with a girl, and in the next place, ſaid he, yourſelf, by thus withdrawing to ſwim in the

ſea. Hence it is ſaid, continued the bird, that there is no longer any pleaſure, elegance, and feſtivity to be found, but that every thing is inelegant, ruſtic, and horrid; that nuptial ties, ſocial friendſhips, and love of children are no more, but in their place have ſucceeded enormous filth, and the bitter loathing of forbid compacts. Thus did this loquacious and impertinent bird defame the ſon of Venus by murmuring ſcandal in her ear.

But Venus being enraged at the information, ſuddenly exclaimed in a firm tone of voice, "So then this hopeful ſon of mine has got a miſtreſs! Come, tell me, thou who alone doſt ſerve me with affection, tell me the name of her who has ſolicited the ingenuous and naked boy, and whether ſhe is one of the tribes of nymphs, or of the number of the goddeſſes, or of the choir of the Muſes, or belonging to my train of the Graces?" The loquacious bird was not ſilent: "But, my miſtreſs," ſaid he, "I am not certain, though if I well remem-

ber, he is ſaid to have been vehemently in love with a girl whoſe name is Pſyche." Then Venus, being indignant, exclaimed, " Does he then love her who is the rival of my beauty, and who is emulous of my name? and does he mean to make me, who firſt brought him to the knowledge of her, act the part of a bawd?"

Thus complaining, ſhe immediately emerged from the ſea, and haſtened to her golden bedchamber, where ſhe found her ſon ſick, as ſhe had been told, and ſo vehemently raving through the pain, that ſhe heard him before ſhe reached the doors. " This is fine conduct indeed," ſaid ſhe, " and very agreeable to *our* dignified birth and *your* temperance. In the firſt place, that you ſhould trample on the precepts of your miſtreſs and mother, and ſo far from tormenting my enemy with ſordid love, take her to your licentious and immature embraces, on purpoſe that I might ſuffer the indignity of having my enemy for my daughter-in-law. Doubtleſs thou doſt preſume, thou

trifler, corrupted and unbeloved boy, that I am too old to have another ſon. Know therefore that I will beget another ſon much better than thou art; or rather, that you may be more ſenſible of the diſgrace, I will adopt one of my little ſlaves, and on him will I beſtow thoſe wings and flames, that bow, and thoſe arrows, and all my furniture, which I gave you for purpoſes very different from thoſe: for you received no part of this apparatus from your father's poſſeſſions. But thou haſt been of a perverſe diſpoſition from thy very childhood; hence it is that thou haſt ſo often ſtruck thy elders, and even thy mother herſelf, even me, thou parricide. Beſides, you deſpiſe me as if I were a widow; nor are you afraid of your valiant father-in-law, the mighty warrior god, whom, to my torment, you have ſupplied with many a virgin: but I ſhall take care to make you repent of this frolickſome trick of yours, and render your nuptials ſharp and bitter.

"However, being thus derided, what ſhall

I do? Where ſhall I betake myſelf? How ſhall I puniſh that little deceiver? Shall I ſolicit aſ ſiſtance of my enemy Sobriety, whom I have ſo often offended through the luxury of this fraudulent boy? Muſt I have recourſe to that ruſtic and filthy woman? I abhor the very thought; yet the conſolation of revenge is not to be deſpiſed; I muſt therefore apply to her, and to her alone, for ſhe will moſt ſeverely chaſtiſe this trifler; ſhe will rifle his quiver, diſarm his arrows, unbend his bow, extinguiſh his torch, and puniſh his body with ſtill ſharper remedies. Then I ſhall believe atonement has been made for the injury I have received, when I have ſhaved off thoſe locks, which with theſe hands of mine I have ſo often bound with a golden bandage, and cut off thoſe pinions, which I have dyed in that nectareous fountain my boſom."

Having thus given vent to her paſſion, full of venereal bile, ſhe ruſhed impetuouſly out of doors. But Ceres and Juno immediately at-

tended her, and perceiving her angry countenance, aſked her why ſhe did ſo great an injury to the gracefulneſs of her ſparkling eyes, by ſuch a ſullen contraction of her brows? To whom Venus thus replied:—"You are come very opportunely to be the executioners of that violence which has taken poſſeſſion of my ardent breaſt. I beg therefore that, with the utmoſt care and diligence, you will inquire after the fugitive Pſyche, for the infamous report reſpecting my houſe, and the conduct of my unworthy ſon, cannot be unknown to you."

Then the two goddeſſes, being ignorant of what had happened, thus endeavoured to mitigate the raging anger of Venus: "What offence has your ſon committed, that you ſo violently oppoſe his pleaſures, and are impatient to deſtroy her whom he loves? What crime, we beſeech you, can he be charged with in loving without reſtraint a beautiful virgin? Can you be ignorant of his ſex and youth? Or have you indeed forgot how old he is?

What, becauſe he carries his years elegantly, would you always conſider him as a boy? Is it poſſible that you who are his mother, and beſides this a woman of underſtanding, can be determined always to pry inquiſitively into his ſport, blame his luxury and amours, and reprobate in your beautiful ſon your own arts and delights? But what god or man will ſuffer you to diſſeminate every where among the people amorous deſires, when you reſtrain the gallantry of your own houſe, and thus ſhut up the public ſhop of female vices?" The fear of his darts induced them to pay this flattery to abſent Cupid in a gracious patronage of his cauſe. But Venus, indignant that her injuries were thus ridiculouſly treated, with haughty mien and haſty ſtep paſſed on to the ocean.

CHAP. VIII.

IN the mean time Pſyche was driven about from place to place, variouſly wandering, and with reſtleſs mind enquiring after her huſband, her deſire of finding him increaſing in proportion to the difficulty of the ſearch; for though ſhe had incurred his anger, ſhe hoped ſhe ſhould be able to appeaſe him by ſuppliant prayers, if ſhe could not allure him by the tender blandiſhments of a wife. Perceiving therefore a temple on the ſummit of a lofty mountain, "How can I tell," ſaid ſhe, "but this may be the reſidence of my lord; and immediately ſhe directed her haſty ſteps thither, incited by hope and deſire, though ſpent with unceaſing toil. And now having gained the higheſt ridges of the mountain, ſhe enters the temple, in which ſhe ſaw ears of corn, ſome of which lay in a heap, ſome were twiſted

into garlands, and ſome were mingled with ears of barley. Here likewiſe were ſcythes and all the inſtruments of harveſt, but ſcattered in a confuſed and careleſs manner, and thrown, as is uſually the caſe in the heat of ſummer, out of the weary hands of the reapers.

Pſyche, on ſeeing this confuſion, curiouſly ſeparated the mingled heaps, and properly arranged them when ſeparated, believing that ſhe ought not to neglect the temples and ceremonies of any divinity, but that ſhe ſhould implore the benevolent pity of all the gods. The bountiful Ceres, whoſe temple this was, finds her thus anxiouſly and ſeduloufly employed, and addreſſes her at a diſtance as follows:—"Alas! miſerable Pſyche, Venus, full of rage and indignation, inquires after thy footſteps with anxious ſearch, dooms thee to the moſt ſevere puniſhment, and importunately demands revenge with all the powers of her divinity. Can'ſt thou therefore now buſy thy-

ſelf about my affairs, or think of any thing elſe but thy own ſafety?"

Then Pſyche, throwing herſelf at the feet of the goddeſs, watering them with abundant weeping, and ſweeping the ground with her diſhevelled locks, entreated pardon of her divinity with numerous prayers. "I beſeech thee," ſays ſhe, "by thy fruit-bearing right hand, by the joyful ceremonies of harveſts, by the occult ſacred concerns of the ciſtæ, by the winged car of thy miniſtrant dragons, the furrows of the Sicilian ſoil, the rapacious chariot, and the detaining earth, by the dark deſcending ceremonies attending the marriage of Proſerpine, and the aſcending rites which accompanied the luminous invention of thy daughter, and by other arcana which Eleuſis, the Attic ſanctuary, conceals in profound ſilence, ſupport the ſoul of Pſyche, thy ſuppliant! Suffer me to conceal myſelf in that heap of corn, for a few days, till the raging anger of ſo great a goddeſs may be mitigated by time; or

at leaſt permit me to ſtay here till my bodily powers, weakened by long-continued labour, become invigorated by an interval of reſt."

To this prayer Ceres thus replied: "I am moved by your weeping ſupplications, and deſire to aſſiſt you; but I cannot with propriety incur the diſpleaſure of a kindred goddeſs, to whom I am united by an ancient league of friendſhip. Depart therefore from this temple immediately, and take in good part my not detaining and making you a priſoner.

Pſyche being thus repulſed, contrary to her hopes, and oppreſſed with a double ſorrow, retired from the temple, and in a dark grove of the valley beneath the mountain, beheld a fane of elegant ſtructure; and unwilling to omit any way, though dubious, which might lead to better hope, and determined to implore the pardon of every god, ſhe ſuppliantly approached the ſacred doors. Here ſhe perceived ſplendid gifts, and parts of garments interwoven with

golden letters, fixed to the branches of the trees, and the pillars of the temple; the letters ſignifying that theſe were votive offerings for benefits received, and exhibiting the name of the goddeſs to whom they were dedicated.

Then Pſyche throwing herſelf on her knees, and embracing the altar, having firſt wiped away her tears, thus prayed: "O! ſiſter and wife of the mighty Jupiter, whether thou doſt poſſeſs the ancient temples of Samos, which glories in thy querulous infancy, and in thy nouriſhment; or whether thou doſt frequent the bleſſed ſeats of the happy Carthage, which adores thee as a virgin riding through the heavens in a lion-yoked car; or doſt preſide over the illuſtrious walls of the Argives, near the banks of Inachus, which celebrates thee now married to the Thunderer, and Queen of the Gods! O! thou whom all the Eaſt venerates under the name of Zygia, and all the Weſt denominates Lucina! Be thou, Juno, the ſaviour in this my extreme misfortune, and de-

liver me, weary with the toils of ſuch long-continued labours, from the fear of my preſent impending danger; for I know that thou art accuſtomed voluntarily to relieve the diſtreſſes of the pregnant."

Juno immediately preſented herſelf to Pſyche ſupplicating, in all the auguſt dignity of her divinity, and ſaid, "I would moſt willingly have my daughter-in-law Venus yield to your prayers; but decency will not permit me to act contrary to the will of Venus, whom I have always loved as my own daughter. Beſides, the law forbids me to receive into my protection any fugitive ſervant, without the conſent of her miſtreſs."

But Pſyche, now terrified with this ſecond ſhipwreck of her fortune, and deſpairing of being able to recover her volatile huſband, having laid aſide all hope of ſafety, thus conſulted with her own thoughts—"What other relief for my ſorrows can now be either attempted or

or procured, ſince even goddeſſes cannot, though willing, afford me aſſiſtance? To what place ſhall I again direct my wandering ſteps, when entangled in ſuch inextricable nets? Concealed in what habitations or darkneſs can I eſcape the inevitable eyes of the mighty Venus? Aſſume, therefore, a maſculine mind my ſoul, bravely renounce all thy vain little hopes, voluntarily ſurrender thyſelf into the hands of thy miſtreſs, and try, though late, to mitigate her rage by the modeſty of thy behaviour. Beſides, thou mayeſt perhaps find him in the houſe of his mother whom thou haſt ſo long ſought for in vain." Being thus prepared to enter on her dubious duty, or rather certain deſtruction, ſhe conſidered with herſelf how ſhe ſhould begin her ſupplications to Venus.

CHAP. IX.

BUT Venus, refuſing to employ earthly remedies in her inquiries after Pſyche, returned to heaven. She orders the chariot to be made ready, which Vulcan, having fabricated with ſubtle ſkill, arched like the horned moon and precious with a waſte of gold, had preſented her before the conſummation of her marriage. Four white doves, out of many that neſtled about the bedchamber of their miſtreſs, joyfully turning about their painted necks, aſſume the yoke decorated with gems, and having taken up their miſtreſs, gladly fly with her to heaven. The chariot of the goddeſs was attended by a flock of ſparrows wantoning with loud chirpings, and by other birds who ſing ſweetly; all of them announcing the approach of Venus in the moſt mellifluous notes.

The clouds give way, the heavens unfold themſelves to their daughter, and the lofty æther receives the goddeſs with joy; nor does the ſinging family of Venus fear oppoſing eagles or rapacious hawks. Then immediately ſhe directed her ſteps to the royal palace of Jupiter, and proudly demanded the neceſſary aſſiſtance of the vocal god Mercury: nor did the azure brow of Jupiter refuſe aſſent. Then Venus, accompanied by Mercury, joyfully deſcended from heaven, and in her flight thus anxiouſly addreſſed him: — "My Arcadian brother, you well know that your ſiſter Venus never did any thing without the preſence of Mercury, nor are you ignorant how long I have ſought in vain for my lurking female ſlave: nothing therefore remains to be done, but for you to proclaim her in a public manner, and propoſe a reward to him that ſhall find her. Take care therefore that my commands are ſpeedily executed, and clearly deſcribe the marks by which ſhe may be known, that no one may plead ignorance for the crime of un-

lawfully concealing her." At the ſame time ſhe gave him a ſmall volume, in which the name of Pſyche was written, and every other particular reſpecting her, after which ſhe immediately returned home. Nor was Mercury negligent in the performance of her commands; for running every where through all nations, he cried her in the following words: "IF ANY ONE CAN SEIZE IN HER FLIGHT, OR DISCOVER WHERE A FUGITIVE KING'S DAUGHTER, A SERVANT OF VENUS, AND OF THE NAME OF PSYCHE, LIES CONCEALED, LET HIM OR HER REPAIR TO MERCURY, THE CRYER, AT THE TEMPLE OF VENUS MURTIA*, AND RECEIVE AS A REWARD OF THE DISCOVERY, SEVEN SWEET KISSES FROM VENUS HERSELF, AND ONE EXQUISITELY DELICIOUS TOUCH OF HER CHARMING TONGUE."

Mercury having thus executed the procla-

* So called from the myrtle tree, which is ſacred to Venus.

mation of Venus, the desire of such a mighty reward excited ardent endeavours in all mortals to obtain it; and this circumstance took away from Psyche all thoughts of any farther delay. And now as she approached the gates of her mistress, she was met by one of the servants of Venus named Custom, who immediately exclaimed, as loud as she was able, "At length then, most wicked slave, do you begin to know that you have a mistress? And do you likewise pretend to be ignorant of the great fatigue we have endured in endeavouring to find you out? But it is well that you have fallen into my hands, for now you have entered within the very gates of hell to receive without delay the punishment of such obstinate contumacy."

After she had thus reviled Psyche, she audaciously twisted her hands in her hair and dragged her along without resistance. But Venus, as soon as she beheld her thus brought into her presence, burst into a loud laugh,

ſuch as agitates thoſe who are tranſported with vehement rage, and ſhaking her head: "At length," ſays ſhe, "have you thought proper to come and pay your reſpects to your mother-in-law? Or did you rather come to ſee your ſick huſband, who is yet dangerouſly ill through the wound which you gave him? But take courage, for your reception will be ſuch as a good mother-in-law ought to give. Where then," ſaid ſhe, "are my ſervants Solicitude and Sorrow?" Theſe immediately attending, in obedience to the commands of their miſtreſs, ſcourged and inflicted other torments on the miſerable Pſyche, and afterwards brought her again into the preſence of Venus.

Then Venus again, laughing: "Behold," ſaid ſhe, "her ſwelling belly moves my compaſſion, ſince it is through this that ſhe is to make me a happy grandmother. Happy indeed am I, who, in the very flower of my age, ſhall be called a grandmother! And the ſon of a vile ſlave ſhall be dignified with the appella-

tion of the grandſon of Venus! Though, indeed, I fooliſhly call him my grandſon, for marriages unequal, and beſides this made in a village, without any witneſſes, and without the father's conſent, can never be deemed legitimate; ſo that thy offspring muſt be a baſtard, even if I ſhould ſuffer thee to bring him into the light.

Having thus ſpoke, ſhe flew upon her, rent her garments in many places, tore her hair, beat her on the head, and ſeverely chaſtiſed her in various ways: then taking wheat, barley millet, poppy-ſeed, vetches, lentils, and beans, and mixing them into one globular heap, ſhe thus ſpoke to her: "you ſeem to me a ſervant ſo deformed, as to be incapable of deſerving your lover by any other means than the diligent performance of menial employments; I will therefore myſelf make trial of your abilities as a houſewife: take and ſeparate this maſs of ſeeds, and having properly diſpoſed the ſeveral grains apart from each other, give me a proof

of your expedition by finiſhing the taſk before evening." Thus ſpoke Venus, and immediately after departed to a wedding ſupper.

But Pſyche, aſtoniſhed at the prodigious command, ſat ſilent and ſtupid, without moving a hand to the diſordered and inextricable maſs. Then a little ant, the native of the fields, vehemently commiſerating ſuch prodigious difficuly and labor, and execrating the ſtepmother's cruelty towards the wife of the mighty god Cupid, rapidly ſummoned together the populous tribe of neighbouring ants, and thus addreſſed them: "Take pity, ye active nurſlings of the all-parent earth! Take pity, and with prompt celerity, aſſiſt the wife of Love, a beautiful young woman, who is now in a dangerous ſituation."

Immediately the ſix-footed people ruſhed forth to her aſſiſtance in undulating tribes, and with the utmoſt diligence, ſeparated the whole heap, grain by grain, and having properly ſorted

the confuſedly mingled ſpecies, rapidly vaniſhed from her ſight.

But Venus on the commencement of night returns from the nuptial banquet, moiſt with wine, fragrant with rich ointments, and having her body elegantly bound with ſhining roſes. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw the diligence which had been exerted on the wonderful labour, "moſt vile creature," ſaid ſhe, "this is not the work of your hands, but of his whom, to your own and his misfortune, you have pleaſed;" and throwing her a piece of houſehold bread, ſhe retired to reſt.

In the mean time Cupid was very cloſely confined to his bedchamber in the interior part of the houſe, partly leſt he ſhould injure his wound by petulant luxury, and partly leſt he ſhould aſſociate with his beloved. Thus the lovers, being ſeparated from each other under one roof, paſſed away exhauſted with grief, the cruel night. But as ſoon as Aurora had uſhered

in the morning, Venus, having called Pſyche, thus addreſſed her: "do you perceive yonder grove which ſtretches itſelf to a conſiderable diſtance along the margin of a river whoſe deepeſt whirlpools look down upon a neighbouring fountain? There ſhining ſheep of a golden colour wander about feeding without a ſhepherd: I think proper that you ſhould bring me immediately a flock of that precious wool, whatever may be the difficulty of procuring it."

Pſyche willingly aroſe, not with any intention of executing this command, but to procure reſt from her misfortunes, by hurling herſelf headlong from the rock into the river.—But when ſhe came to the brink, a reed, the ſweet nurſe of muſic *, being divinely inſpired, thus prophetically ſpoke in ſoft and harmonious murmurs: "Pſyche, exerciſed in mighty ſor-

* So called becauſe the pipe of Pan was formed from reeds joined together.

rows, neither pollute my ſacred waters by thy moſt miſerable death, nor yet venture to approach the formidable ſheep on the oppoſite bank while borrowing heat from the burning radiance of the ſun, they are tranſported with ſavage rage, and are the deſtruction of mortals, either by their ſharp horns, ſtony foreheads, or venomous bites. But when the meridian ſun has driven the cattle to the ſhade, and the ſerene ſpirit of the flood lulled them to reſt, then you may hide yourſelf under yonder lofty plane tree, which drinks of the ſame river with myſelf, and as ſoon as the ſheep have mitigated their fury, on ſhaking the leaves of a neighbouring grove, you will find the woolly gold every where ſticking to the roots of the trees." Thus the ſimple and humane reed taught the wretched Pſyche how to accompliſh this dangerous enterprize with ſafety.

Pſyche, therefore, obſerving all the directions, found her obedience not in vain, but returned to Venus with her boſom full of the

delicate golden fleece. Yet ſhe was not able to procure the approbation of her miſtreſs by this her ſecond perilous labour; but Venus, ſmiling bitterly, with ſevere eyebrows, thus addreſſed her: "I am not ignorant that you are not the performer of this taſk alſo, but I will now try whether you are endued with a courageous mind and ſingular prudence. Do you ſee the ſummit of yonder lofty mountain, from which the duſky waters of a black fountain fall, and which, confined in the channel of the neighbouring valley, irrigate the Stygian marſhes and ſupply the hoarſe ſtreams of Cocytus? Bring me immediately in this little urn liquid dew drawn from the inmoſt influx of the lofty fountain." Thus ſpeaking, ſhe gave her a veſſel of poliſhed chryſtal, and at the ſame time threatened her more ſeverely than before.

But Pſyche with the utmoſt celerity aſcended to the very ſummit of the mountain, preſuming that there at leaſt ſhe ſhould find the period of her moſt miſerable life. However, when ſhe

arrived at the confines of the vertex, ſhe ſaw the deadly difficulty of the vaſt undertaking: for a rock enormouſly lofty, and inacceſſibly rugged, vomited from its middle the horrid waters of the fountain, which immediately falling headlong in winding ſtreams, ruſhed ſuddenly through a narrow channel into the neighbouring valley. On the right and left hand they creep through hollow rocks, over which fierce dragons ſtretch out their long necks, and, with unwinking vigilance, keep a perpetual watch. And now the vocal waters ſhook themſelves, and exclaimed as they rolled along, "Depart; what do you attempt? Look and ſee what you do; take care, fly, or you will periſh."

Pſyche therefore, petrified through the impoſſibility of accompliſhing the taſk, though ſhe was preſent in body, was abſent in mind, and being perfectly buried under the huge bulk of the inextricable danger, was even deprived

of the benefit of tears, the laſt ſolace of the wretched.

But the ſorrow of the innocent ſoul is not concealed from the penetrating eyes of Providence. For the rapacious eagle, that royal bird of Jupiter, on a ſudden flew to her with expanded wings, calling to mind his ancient obligations to Cupid, for enabling him to elevate to heaven the Phrygian cup-bearer * to Jupiter; and reverencing the divinity of Cupid in the labours of his wife, deſerted the lofty paths of Jupiter, and bringing with him ſeaſonable aſſiſtance, thus addreſſed her: "Can you, in other reſpects of an undeſigning diſpoſition, and unexperienced in attempts of this kind, ever hope to ſteal one drop of this moſt holy and no leſs terrible fountain? Have you not heard, at leaſt, that theſe Stygian waters are formidable even to Jupiter himſelf, and that as you ſwear by the divinity of the gods, ſo they are

* Ganymedes.

accuſtomed to ſwear by the majeſty of Styx*? But give me that little urn." Immediately, therefore, taking it in haſte, and poiſing it on his moving wings, he ſailed between the cheeks of raging teeth, and the three-forked vibrating tongues of the dragons, and, ſteering his courſe to the right and to the left, drew off the reluctant waters, which previouſly admoniſhed him that he might depart in ſafety, becauſe he pretended Venus herſelf wanted ſome of the water, and had ordered him to procure it. And on this account his acceſs to the fountain was facilitated.

Pſyche therefore joyfully receiving the full urn, returned with the utmoſt celerity to Venus. Yet ſhe was not able, even by the accompliſhment of this dangerous enterprize to

* Styx, conſidered according to its firſt ſubſiſtence, appears to me to be that cauſe by which divine natures retain an immutable ſameneſs of eſſence. The immutability therefore of divine energy is ſignified by the gods ſwearing by Styx.

appeaſe the anger of the raging goddeſs. For threatning her with ſtill more ſevere endurance, ſhe thus addreſſed her, a ſmile, the harbinger of ruin, accompanying her words: "You appear to me to be a profound and malevolent magician, or you never could, with ſo much dexterity have performed my commands: but there is one taſk more, my dear, which you ought to perform. Take this box, (ſhe immediately gave it her) and direct your courſe to the infernal regions and the deadly palace of Plato. Then preſenting the box to Proſerpine, ſay, Venus requeſts you to ſend her a ſmall portion of your beauty, at leaſt as much as may be ſufficient for one ſhort day, for ſhe has conſumed all the beauty ſhe poſſeſſed, through the attention which ſhe pays to her diſeaſed ſon. But return with the utmoſt expedition, for it is neceſſary that I ſhould adorn myſelf with this beauty of Proſerpine, as I muſt go to the theatre of the gods."

CHAP. VIII.

PSYCHE was now truly ſenſible that ſhe was arrived at the extremity of her evil fortune, and clearly perceived that all further pretences being laid aſide, ſhe was impelled to immediate deſtruction, ſince ſhe was forced to direct her ſteps to Tartarus and the ſhades below. Hence, without any farther delay, ſhe aſcended a lofty tower, that ſhe might from thence hurl herſelf headlong; for ſhe conſidered that by this means ſhe ſhould deſcend by a ſtraight road, and in a beautiful manner, to the infernal regions. But ſhe was no ſooner arrived there, than the tower ſuddenly addreſſed her in the following words:

"Why, O miſerable creature, doſt thou ſeek to deſtroy thyſelf by falling headlong from hence? And why doſt thou raſhly ſink under

this thy laſt danger and endurance? For as ſoon as thy breath ſhall by this means be ſeparated from thy body, thou wilt indeed deſcend to profound Tartarus, but canſt not by any means return from thence. Liſten therefore to me: Lacedæmon, a noble city of Achaia, is not far from hence: near this city, concealed in devious places, ſeek Tenarus; for there you will find the cavity through which Pluto breathes, and the impaſſable road preſents itſelf to the view through the yawning gates. As ſoon as you have paſſed the threſhold of this cavity, you proceed in a direct path to the palace of Pluto. But you ought not to paſs through thoſe ſhades with empty hands, but ſhould take a ſop of barley bread, ſoaked in hydromel, in both your hands, and in your mouth two pieces of money. And now when you have accompliſhed a good part of your deadly journey, you will meet a lame aſs laden with wood, with a driver as lame as himſelf, who will aſk you to reach him certain cords to faſten the burthen which has fallen from the

aſs; but be careful that you paſs by him in ſilence. Then without any delay proceed till you arrive at the dead river, in which Charon, immediately demanding his fee, in his patched boat ferries over the paſſengers to the fartheſt ſhore."

" Avarice therefore lives among the dead. Nor does Charon himſelf, nor the father Pluto, though ſo great a god, do any thing gratuitouſly. The poor man dying ought to prepare his viaticum, and no one ſuffers him to expire without having money at hand. To this ſqualid old man give one of the pieces of money which you carry with you, yet in ſuch a manner, that he may take it with his own hand from your mouth. While you are paſſing over the ſluggiſh river, a certain dead old man, floating on its ſurface, and raiſing his putrid hand, will entreat you to take him into the boat. However, be careful that you are not influenced by an unlawful piety. Having paſſed over the river, and proceeded to a little

diſtance from thence, certain old women, weaving a web, will requeſt you to lend them a helping hand; but it is not lawful for you to touch the web. For all theſe and many other particulars are ſnares prepared for you by Venus, that you may drop one of the ſops out of your hands. But do not ſuppoſe that this would be a trifling loſs; ſince the want of but one of theſe ſops would prevent your return to light; for a huge dog, with three necks, and heads ſufficiently large, fierce and formidable, barking with his thundering jaws, terrifies in vain the dead, whom he cannot injure, and always watching before the threſhold and black palace of Proſerpine, guards the empty houſe of Pluto. Having appeaſed this dog with one of your ſops, you may eaſily paſs by him, and then you will immediately enter into the preſence of Proſerpine herſelf, who will receive you in a very courteous and benignant manner, deſire you to repoſe yourſelf on a ſoft ſeat, and perſuade you to partake of a ſumptuous banquet. But ſeat yourſelf on the ground, and

having aſked for a piece of common bread, eat it. Then telling your meſſage, and receiving what you came for, bribe the cruelty of the dog by the remaining ſop. Afterwards having given to the avaricious ferryman the piece of money which you have reſerved, and paſſed his river, you will return to the choir of the celeſtial ſtars. But above all things I think you ſhould particularly be cautious not to open or even look upon the box which you carry, or explore that concealed treaſury of divine beauty." In this manner the propitious tower delivered its prophetic admonitions.

Pſyche, therefore, without delay, proceeded to Tenarus, and taking in a proper manner her pieces of money and her ſops, ran down the infernal avenue. Here, having paſſed by the lame aſs in ſilence, given the ferryman his fee, neglected the entreaties of the floating corpſe, deſpiſed the fraudulent prayers of the ſpinſters, and lulled the rage of the horrid dog with a ſop, ſhe penetrated the palace of Pro-

ſerpine. Nor did ſhe accept the delicate ſeat or delicious banquet, but humbly ſat at the feet of Proſerpine, and being contented with a piece of common bread, delivered her embaſſy from Venus. Immediately after this, ſhe received the box ſecretly filled and ſhut; and having barred the barking of the dog by the fraud of the remaining ſop, and given the ferryman the other piece of money, ſhe returned from the infernal regions much more vigorous than before. Then again enjoying and adoring the fair light of day, though ſhe was in haſte to finiſh her errand, ſhe was ſeized with a raſh curioſity: "Behold," ſaid ſhe, "what a fooliſh bearer am I of divine beauty, who do not even take away the leaſt portion of it, that I may by this means appear pleaſing in the eyes of my beautiful lover." As ſhe ended this ſoliloquy, ſhe opened the box; but it contained no beauty, nor indeed any thing but an infernal and truly Stygian ſleep, which being freed from its confinement, immediately invades her, oppreſſes all her mem-

bers with a cloud of profound ſleep, and detains her fallen down in the very place where ſhe opened the box; ſo that ſhe lay motionleſs, and nothing elſe than a ſleeping corpſe.

But Cupid being now recovered of his wound, and not enduring the long abſence of his Pſyche, gliding through the narrow window of the bedchamber in which he was confined, and having his wings invigorated by repoſe, flew far more ſwiftly than before, and diſpelling the ſleep from the prying fair, and again concealing it in its ancient ſeat the box, rouſed Pſyche with an innoxious touch of one of his arrows. "And behold," ſaid he, "miſerable creature, thou wouldſt again have periſhed by a ſimilar curioſity. Now, however, ſtrenuouſly perform the taſk impoſed on thee by my mother, and I myſelf will take care of the reſt." Having thus ſpoke, the lover raiſed himſelf on high with the rowing of his wings, and Pſyche immediately carried the preſent of Proſerpine to Venus.

In the mean time Cupid, waſting away through exceſs of love, and dreading the ſudden ſeverity of his mother, returns to his armory, and having with rapid wings penetrated the ſummit of Heaven, ſupplicates the mighty Jupiter, and defends his cauſe. Then Jupiter, ſtroking the little cheeks of Cupid, and kiſſing his hand, thus addreſſed him: "Though you, my ſon, endued with the authority of a maſter, never pay me that reverence which has been decreed me by the ſynod of the gods, but perpetually wound this breaſt of mine, by which the laws of the elements and the revolutions of the ſtars are governed, and frequently defile it with earthly intrigues, contrary to the laws, the Julian edict*, and public diſcipline, injuring my reputation and fame by baſe adulteries, and ſordidly changing my ſerene countenance into ſerpents, fire, wild beaſts, birds, and cattle; yet remembering my own modera-

* Alluding to the law againſt adultery, inſtituted by Auguſtus Cæſar.

tion, and that you have been nurſed in theſe hands of mine, I will accompliſh all that you deſire; at the ſame time you muſt be ſenſible that you ought to guard againſt your rivals, and to recompence me for this ſervice, by preſenting me with any girl of tranſcendant beauty that may now happen to be upon the earth."

Having thus ſpoke, he ordered Mercury immediately to ſummon all the gods to attend, and at the ſame time to proclaim, that if any one of the celeſtials was abſent, he ſhould be fined ten thouſand pieces of money. Through fear of this, therefore, the celeſtial theatre being immediately filled, lofty Jupiter, ſitting on his ſublime throne, thus addreſſed the aſſembly of gods: "Ye conſcript gods, whoſe names are regiſtered in the white roll of the Muſes, you are all well acquainted with that youth whom I have reared with my own hands, and the fiery impetus of whoſe firſt years I thought would have been reſtrained by ſome bridle or other. It is ſufficient that he is

every day defamed in converſation for the adulteries and all manner of corruption of which he is the cauſe. Every occaſion of this is to be taken away, and his puerile luxury ought to be bound in nuptial fetters. He has made choice of a girl, and deprived her of her virginity. Let him therefore hold her, let him poſſeſs her, and embracing Pſyche, always enjoy the object of his love." Then turning his face to Venus—" Nor do you, my daughter," ſaid he, " be ſorrowful on this occaſion, nor fearful that your pedigree and rank will be diſgraced by a mortal marriage; for I will now cauſe the nuptials not to be unequal, but legitimate, and agreeable to the civil law." Immediately after this, he orders Mercury to bring Pſyche to Heaven, and as ſoon as ſhe was arrived, extending to her a cup of ambroſia—" Take this," ſaid he, " Pſyche, and be immortal, nor ſhall Cupid ever depart from thy embrace, but theſe nuptials of yours ſhall be perpetual."

Then, without delay, the wedding ſupper was ſerved in in great abundance. The huſband reclining at the upper end of the table, embraced Pſyche in his boſom; and in this manner Jupiter was ſeated with Juno, and after them the other gods and goddeſſes in their proper order. Then Jupiter was preſented with a bowl of nectar, which is the wine of the gods, by that ruſtic youth*, his cup-bearer; but Bacchus ſupplied the reſt. Vulcan dreſſed the ſupper; the Hours purpled over every thing with roſes and other fragrant flowers; the Graces ſcattered balſam; The Muſes ſung melodiouſly; Apollo accompanied the lyre with his voice; and Venus, with unequalled harmony of ſteps, danced to the muſic. The order too of the entertainment was, that the Muſes ſhould ſing the chorus, Satyrus play on the flute, and Pan ſpeak to the pipe. Thus Pſyche came lawfully into the hands of Cupid, and at length, from a mature pregnancy, a daughter was born to them, whom we denominate Pleaſure.

* Ganymedes.

A

POETICAL PARAPHRASE

ON THE

SPEECH OF DIOTIMA,

IN THE

BANQUET OF PLATO.

A

PEOTICAL PARAPHRASE,

&c. &c.

CANTO I.

HARD and uncommon is the taſk to prove,
That neither good nor beautiful is love;
And bold the bard, who ſtrives in tuneful verſe
Its wondrous end and nature to rehearſe.
May Plato's ſpirit all he writes inſpire,
And with Truth's ſplendor mix the Poet's fire.

Hear what Diotima, the Prieſteſs, told
Of mighty love to Socrates of old:
Love, dæmon power! in ev'ry form reſides,
And Nature's ſelf in all her motions guides.
For antient Order may attempt in vain
His empire free from ruin to maintain;
Unleſs the mighty power of Love is nigh,
And tempers ev'ry part in harmony.
Hence hoſtile elements, no longer fight,
But bound in meaſure, peaceably unite.

The cold and hot in perfect friendſhip join,
And moiſt and dry in firm embrace combine.
Impriſon'd thus, the ſubtle force of heat
In vain aſpires to gain its native ſeat;
And heavy parts of earth in vain may try
To break the league, and in the center lie.
Confeſs'd his general ſway, but well to know
The ſecret ſource from whence his actions flow;
With ſtrict attention to my words attend,
And learn Love's nature and his wondrous end.
From deep reflection all my thoughts ariſe,
For deep reflection only makes us wiſe.

Can perfect ſwiftneſs to the ſwift aſpire,
Or matchleſs ſtrength ſuperior ſtrength deſire?
Admitted, this concluſion muſt enſue,
That men the very good they ſhare purſue.
The healthy hence muſt eager wiſh for health,
The fair for beauty, and the rich for wealth.
Poſſeſſion hence with want would be the ſame,
And perfect bliſs become an empty name.
Thus all deſire, if rightly underſtood,
Tends not to preſent but to future good.
And accurately analyz'd his frame,
Love, with deſire of good, appears the ſame.
And hence we find he never can be bleſt,
But in the want of ſomething unpoſſeſt.
The diſtant good obtain'd, Love ſwiftly flies,
Deſire no more, and with deſire he dies.

But think not hence, the ſacred Prieſteſs cry'd,
That Love is only to the baſe ally'd:
For as between the ignorant and wiſe,
We find a certain middle nature lies;
The lot of him, who juſtly can deſcry
A thing exiſts, but cannot tell us why:
(Since Science ne'er illuminates the mind,
Unſkill'd the proper principle to find;
And ignorance from him muſt take her flight,
Who never deviates from the path of right.)
Such true opinion to the wiſe is ſeen,
Betwixt the two a certain wond'rous mean;
And ſuch a middle nature Love muſt ſhare,
Not quite deform'd, nor yet completely fair.
Hence bound to each extreme in magic chains,
He o'er the world a mighty Dæmon reigns.
For ſuch the place to dæmon forms aſſign'd,
Between the powers divine and human kind:
In middle rank they fill the vacant ſpace,
And link the natures of the mental race.
To theſe alone th' important charge is giv'n,
To bring to earth the ſacred will of Heav'n;
And thence to Heav'n again without delay,
Each prayer and pious off'ring to convey.
Their power alone that influence can impart,
Which gives ſucceſs to the Diviner's art;
In amicable junction they combine
The human nature with the forms divine;
In preſent danger, or when ills impend,
The good from ev'ry evil they defend;

Both night and day a conſtant watch they keep,
Our living guardians 'midſt the death of ſleep;
And true to thoſe they love with friendly zeal,
In myſtic dreams futurity reveal.
But let attention for a while prevail,
And patient liſten to the following tale:
Once on a time, 'twas on the important day
When Venus roſe all lovely from the ſea;
The Gods diſpos'd to celebrate the hour,
Which being gave to beauty's charming pow'r:
To feaſtful mirth invited many a gueſt,
And Plenty, far more welcome than the reſt;
Sprung from a father of illuſtrious fame,
Renown'd of old, and Counſel is his name.
The ſupper ended, Poverty came there,
And humbly begg'd the large remains to ſhare.
With eager looks the heapy ſtore ſhe ey'd,
And pray'd each God her wants might be ſupply'd.
Juſt at that inſtant, quite oppreſs'd with ſleep,
From drinking draughts of ſparkling nectar deep,
(For then unknown the generous ſtrength of wine,
Alike to mortals and the powers divine.)
Intoxicated Plenty ſwiftly ſought
The beauteous gardens Jove himſelf had wrought:
There, ſtretch'd at eaſe, ſupine the feaſter lay,
Till all the fumes of nectar dy'd away.
Mean time thro' want endu'd with prudent care,
Him Poverty had mark'd, and follow'd there;
And, conſcious of her own extreme diſtreſs,
Thro' love of Plenty ſought the deep receſs.

Her time ſhe watch'd, and quite o'erſpent with grief,
Faſt by the ſide of Plenty ſought relief.
At length her woes the ſon of Counſel move,
And as ſhe wiſh'd ſhe prov'd with child of Love.
The reaſon hence, dear Socrates, is plain,
Why Love is always found in Beauty's train;
Since the ſame day that Venus bleſt the ſight,
Gave mighty Love to view the cheerful light.
And hence with innate and with ſtrong deſire,
To Beauty only all his thoughts aſpire:
In her alone he finds complete repoſe,
A cure for grief, a charm for all his woes.
For ſuch thro' Poverty his abject ſtate,
Condemn'd to drink the dregs of Fortune's hate:
Nor ſmooth his ſkin, nor yet his viſage fair,
But hard from conſtant want, and worn with care.
No friendly roof protects his wretched head,
No houſe he owns, nor for repoſe a bed;
No ſhoes from rugged ſtones preſerve his feet,
And all his portion is the open ſtreet.
But if we view him on his father's ſide,
To ev'ry excellence he is ally'd.—
From hence his love of gallantry proceeds,
And all his fondneſs for heroic deeds;
For full of courage and of active fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire.
A ſportſman hence, renown'd for ſpeedy pace,
And ſkill'd in all the toils of beauty's chace.
To catch his game a thouſand arts he tries,
Which ſubtle wit or prudent thought ſupplies.

From hence to deep philoſophy inclin'd,
Ariſes all his loftineſs of mind.
In magic, mighty, and ſophiſtic wiles,
By fraud or force he ev'ry heart beguiles.
He is not mortal in the common way,
Nor yet exempt from abſolute decay;
Like you and me he's not condemn'd to die,
Nor is immortal like the Gods on high.
In the ſame day a diff'rent ſtate he ſhares,
And lives or dies according as he fares.
The rich abundance which he once partakes,
Steals hourly from him, and at length forſakes:
Like Euripus, his nature ebbs and flows,
And want alternately and plenty knows.
But view with wonder how his knowledge lies,
For Love is neither ignorant nor wiſe.
By deep inveſtigation hence we find
A middle ſtate of wiſdom Love's aſſign'd.
Thro' this in times of old he roſe to fame,
And gain'd with ev'ry rank a mighty name;
In form of ſage philoſophy appear'd,
By Gods admir'd, and by mankind rever'd:
For know, the powers ſupremely good and wiſe
Can ne'er, O Socrates, philoſophize;
Nor to the ignorant and vulgar throng,
The pleaſing ſearch of truth can e'er belong:
For Folly, from the firſt created blind,
For total darkneſs was alone deſign'd;
And hence, by Jove's irrevocable doom,
Is always cover'd with Oblivion's gloom.

Yet ſhe, though neither fair, nor good, nor wiſe,
Affects theſe rare endowments to deſpiſe.
The philoſophic tribe from hence, 'tis clear,
Can only in the middle rank appear;
To Ignorance thro' matter's union ty'd
To Wiſdom by their mental part ally'd.
The dæmon Love o'er theſe exalted reigns,
Partakes their nature, and his ſway maintains.
And to the ſources whence his being flows,
His philoſophic ſtate of wiſdom owes.
His father Plenty, truly rich and wiſe,
His nature with abundant good ſupplies.
His mother, wholly ignorant and poor,
Robs him of all his wealthy father's ſtore.

Should any one demand of me or you,
What is the general object we purſue;
The goal to which eternally we tend,
And of each reſtleſs wiſh the only end?
(Tho' but a few can tell us where it lies,
A choſen few, the fav'rites of the ſkies;)
We might with ſafety, ſince with truth, proclaim,
That to be happy is our conſtant aim.
'Tis obvious hence that all men are in love,
Since all to good as to their center move.
And hence that ardent longing which we find
In each particular of human kind;
That thirſt for bliſs, is ever underſtood,
The love of real or apparent good.

Love, mighty pow'r, in ev'ry boſom reigns,
And thro' the world a boundleſs ſway maintains.
By ſecret ſtratagem all hearts aſſails,
And o'er the ſtrongeſt by his wiles prevails.
Nor think his wide dominion is confin'd
By any limits of a partial kind;
His num'rous votaries in diff'rent ways
Their God purſue, and vindicate his praiſe.
For ſome in Truth's delightful paths are found,
Some are for riches or for ſtrength renown'd:
One general term alike to all extends,
The ſame their motives, and the ſame their ends.

There is a ſaying which is held for true,
That men themſelves in what they love purſue;
Their other half with ſtrong concern inquire,
And only union with their own deſire.
But my opinion, rightly underſtood,
Is this;——that all we ever ſeek is good.
This to obtain a thouſand arts we try,
For this we live, for this conſent to die.
With parts alone to which ſhe is ally'd,
The reſtleſs ſoul can ne'er be ſatisfy'd;
For if diſeas'd a member once we find,
The hands contracted, or the eyes grown blind;
The uſeleſs parts retain their empty name,
But can no more our former fondneſs claim.
Indeed the man, if ſuch a man is known,
Supremely bleſt with ſovereign good his own;

Will ne'er forget the treaſure of his heart;
Will ne'er from laſting love of good depart.
But ſimple love of good is not the end
To which alone with rapid courſe we tend:
To full poſſeſſion all our thoughts aſpire,
And this the purpoſe of each warm deſire:
Nor is poſſeſſion yet the perfect whole,
Sufficient fully to delight the ſoul.
Duration endleſs muſt enjoyment wait,
And place the good beyond the reach of fate.

CANTO II.

OF thoſe who love the great the only care,
Is to beget on what is good and fair.
For know, O Socrates, that all mankind
For generation are alike deſign'd;
And when diſpos'd, with ſtore of vigrous ſeed,
Corporeal forms or mental children breed.
Of diff'rent natures, yet their end the ſame,
The fair and beautiful is all their aim:
Since each with ardent love to this aſpires,
And each indignant from the baſe retires.
The work divine thro' ev'ry age ſhall laſt,
Alike the future wonder as the paſt.
For generation is the means aſſign'd
To give immortal being to the Kind:
The place of tranſient natures to ſupply,
With other forms alike condemn'd to die;
And thus in one eternal wond'rous round,
The dire dominions of the grave to bound.
Hence like a river borne with downward force,
Life urges on its never-ending courſe;
Its vivid ſtreams to Death's dark caverns glide,
And in the waters of oblivion hide;
But ſoon indignant their retreat forſake,
And ſwift to upper light their courſe retake;

Diffuſing as they flow their copious ſtore,
In channels ſuch as thoſe they fill'd before.
But view with wonder how the work proceeds,
The male impregnates by his active ſeeds:
The female form the fertile ſtore receives,
By nature paſſive; and from this conceives.
In each appears a principle divine;
In each the marks of perfect wiſdom ſhine:
But nought beſides the beautiful and fair,
Can with a principle divine compare;
Can e'er its influence perfectly admit,
Or e'er obedient to its power ſubmit.
Beauty alone with her celeſtial fires,
Each ſeed enlivens, and each ſex inſpires.
Hence when diſpos'd the body or the mind,
To ſtamp the image of its like we find;
[illegible] with affection for ſome beauty teem,
[illegible]r more dear than friendſhip or eſteem:
[illegible]roaching now the fair one's charming ſight,
[illegible]miles benignant, full of ſtrong delight;
[illegible]ch opening power diffuſes wide its ſeeds,
[illegible]d thus alone urg'd on by rapture breeds.
[illegible]t when it meets with the deform'd and baſe,
[illegible]ſtarts indignant from its foul embrace;
[illegible]ntracted turns, and as it turns recedes;
[illegible]r teems with love, nor full of tranſport breeds:
[illegible] burſting power within itſelf reſtrains,
[illegible]nd bears the burden, tho' it bears with pains.

Hence generation in a wond'rous way,
Preſerves our being from complete decay:
Th' immortal with the mortal nature joins,
And death and life in friendly league combines.
And hence you muſt confeſs, as truth requires,
That Love to immortality aſpires;
To this alone that all its wiſhes tend,
And only in its full fruition end.

But not to man alone is love confin'd;
His power extends to life of ev'ry kind.
Alike diſpos'd, and full of fertile ſeed,
All animals impatient pant to breed.
Nor is their ardor leſs their young to tend,
To guard from danger, and from want defend;
Theſe to protect they call forth all their might,
And feeble natures with the ſtrongeſt fight;
Theſe to ſupport they cheerful yield to die,
Their only aim their offspring to ſupply.
Thus endleſs being is the ſecret goal
To which for ever tends this mighty whole;
And generation is the means deſign'd
To give duration endleſs to the kind.
This is the ſtream which bears our lives away,
And bounds the dreary empire of decay;
Around its walls the rapid waters flow,
And ſtop the progreſs of Creation's foe;
Who but for this with all-deſtructive might,
Would ſink the world in Chaos and old Night.

Hence tho' *Decay* dire devaſtation makes,
When in the ſtream his baneful rout he takes;
The rolling ſtream, reſiſtleſs in its courſe,
Fills up the gap, and breaks the tyrant's force.
Thus generation can alone ſupply
Succeeding forms inſtead of thoſe that die:
'Tis this to each the ſeeming ſameneſs gives,
By which we ſay an individual lives.
For tho' from early youth to late old age,
We call a man the ſame in ev'ry ſtage;
Yet from him all his ſubſtance gently glides,
And nothing he has in him e'er abides.
The former man is to be known no more,
But, like a vapour, fled thro' ev'ry pore.
Nor to his body is this change confin'd,
But all diffuſive reaches to the mind.
Her hopes and fears inceſſant fade away,
Nor can the ſame deſire a moment ſtay.
Some novel pleaſures to the old ſucceed,
And paſt opinions preſent new ones breed.
Theſe thoughts a paradox perhaps you find,
But a far greater yet remains behind.
The knowledge which the ſoul at times acquires,
Not only from her inmoſt cells retires:
While other knowledge in its place accedes,
The mind repleniſhing with Wiſdom's ſeeds;
But this to each particular applies,
And the ſame truth alternate lives and dies.
To man, I mean, appears to die away,
For in itſelf it never knows decay.

Whene'er this knowledge to departure tends,
In Lethe's dark abyſs at length it ends;
But Meditation ſwift its courſe purſues,
And ſtraight its ſhadows in the ſoul renews.
To the lethargic ſtream her flight ſhe takes,
And Memory from dormant pow'r awakes;
Who on the margin of the gloomy deep,
Would elſe be doom'd to everlaſting ſleep:
Recalling ſpeedy from the dreary ſhore,
The images of truths ſhe knew before.
To ſoul then ſoaring on celeſtial wings,
The faithleſs nymph with all her ſhades ſhe brings.
But immortality extends, you'll find,
To each illuſtrious action of mankind:
With wond'rous love and fortitude ſupply'd,
Thro' this Alceſtis for her huſband dy'd:
Achilles hence, with matchleſs fury fir'd,
Patroclus dead, revenge alone deſir'd.
By grief and love alternate rul'd he fought,
And endleſs glory in deſtruction ſought.
Hence Codrus dy'd, to fix his children's claim,
And fell the victim of parental fame.
Virtue alone ſuch ſtrong deſires could raiſe,
And Virtue's own is everlaſting praiſe.

But tho' immortal being is the goal
To which inceſſant tends the human ſoul;
Yet diff'rent men purſue a diff'rent fame,
Their methods various, yet their end the ſame.

In ſome, and thoſe the greateſt part we find,
Their power to body is alone confin'd:
Such ardent court the favour of the fair,
The vulgar kind of love their only care.
But hope of endleſs being theſe inſpires,
And each thro' this to procreate deſires;
Their ſecret purpoſe to obtain renown,
And in their children's being find their own.
In other men of nobler rank we find
This power is chiefly of the mental kind;
Poets and artiſts of illuſtrious fame,
By rare inventions ſuch diſtinction claim:
But far in beauty muſt the art excel,
Divinely teaching how to govern well.
Hence when ſome godlike mind from early youth
Has teem'd with ſeeds of ſuch exalted truth;
Soon as advancing age matures the ſeed,
In ſoul's divine he ſeeks fair truth to breed.
Some beauteous body firſt attracts his ſight,
And this he welcomes with ſincere delight;
But if in ſearching deeper he ſhould find
The brighter beauty of a virtuous mind;
With fond attachment now and love divine,
He teems for her in whom ſuch charms combine:
His only aim in virtue to improve
The pleaſing object of ſo pure a love.
While thus diſpos'd he tries the fair to teach,
Deep is his ſenſe, and eloquent his ſpeech;
By beauty fir'd, each pow'r enlarg'd he feels,
And thro' his ſoul a novel tranſport ſteals;

Till thus the ſeeds of wiſdom in his mind,
By ſweet diſcourſe on virtue well refin'd,
Spontaneous burſt, and from confinement freed,
A lovely race of mental children breed.
His mind is now to ſuch perfection grown,
When preſent with his miſtreſs or alone;
And render'd ſo alert by frequent uſe,
Her pow'rs with eaſe their copious ſtore produce.
And now the parents ſtrive with mutual care
Their laſting fruits of true regard to rear:
Since in an offspring of their ſouls they join,
More fair than body, deathleſs and divine.
Where is the man who Homer can admire,
And not an iſſue ſuch as his deſire;
Whoſe ſoul great Heſiod's noble theme can raiſe,
And wiſhes not to ſhare his endleſs praiſe:
Or he who pants for high politic fame,
Such as attends the good Lycurgus' name;
And ne'er deſires like him to leave behind
A race by far the braveſt of mankind?
Whoſe honors from the waſte of time ſecure,
From death exempt, for ever ſhall endure.
Himſelf of ſuch a race the mighty ſire,
For he alone ſuch virtue could inſpire.
For Greece at large with matchleſs zeal they fought,
And general freedom to their country brought.
Amongſt yourſelves what well-deſerv'd applauſe
Is paid to Solon who begat the laws!
And e'en in barbarous nations men are found
Like theſe for virtuous progeny renown'd;

But merely human offspring ne'er could claim
Such boundleſs praiſe, ſuch never-dying fame.

Thus far, perhaps, O Socrates, your mind
From vulgar notions is by me refin'd;
And well inſtructed what the cauſe to know,
From whence love's actions as their fountain flow:
But much, I fear, my efforts will be vain,
Love's moſt ſublime arcana to explain;
Yet will I ſtrive with unremitting zeal,
What ſtill remains myſterious to reveal.
No vulgar height my muſe aſpiring ſoars,
No path ignoble while ſhe ſings explores.
Beyond the orbit of the moon ſhe flies,
And leaves the ſun behind and ſtarry ſkies:
With daring wing purſues her rapid flight,
Till boundleſs beauty burſt upon her ſight.
Whoever enters on this great affair,
Muſt firſt begin with bodies that are fair;
If with ſucceſs he e'er the work purſue,
Or ever wiſhes beauty's ſelf to view:
Then if his dæmon lead his choice aright,
In ſome fair female place his whole delight;
Till teeming with a ſtore of Wiſdom's ſeeds,
On her fine thoughts and fair diſcourſe he breeds.
Next he ſhould think, if well diſpos'd his mind,
Beauty like this in other forms he'll find;
Since many a fair his wond'ring eyes muſt ſtrike,
In outward charms to her he loves alike.

Then if corporeal beauty he purſues,
And as exiſting in the ſpecies views;
Beauty the ſame in all he muſt conceive,
And being univerſal thus perceive.
Whatever forms this lovely whole partake,
He now admires for general beauty's ſake:
And all that tranſport which he felt before
For one fair body, he will feel no more.
If after this his ſoul, by wiſdom taught,
Has learn'd to value beauty as it ought;
No more with ſudden rapture he'll admire
Corporeal beauty, or its ſight deſire;
But far ſuperior mind's perfections deem,
And feel for body but a ſmall eſteem.
On mental beauty, with ſupreme delight,
He now employs his all-creative might;
Reſearching deeper, too, his lab'ring mind,
He ſtrives ſome latent notions there to find;
From dormant power recalls his fertile ſeeds,
And big with thought, on his beloved breeds.
His generous ſoul thus widening by degrees,
Beauty congenial in the arts he ſees:
From art to ſcience then he takes his flight,
Beauty ſtill beaming on his mental ſight;
Till thus revolving in his mind profound,
That beauty various in them all is found;
No longer like ſome mean domeſtic mind,
To partial fondneſs for one child inclin'd;
A ſlave illib'ral, whoſe contracted ſoul
A part of beauty loves, and not the whole.

But fond of what is fair in each degree,
He views tranſported Beauty's ample ſea;
And thus begets, with vigour unconfin'd,
All-various reaſons of the nobleſt kind;
With thoughts magnificent a beauteous race,
From generous philoſophy's embrace;
Till thus his mind ſuch wond'rous ſtrength obtains,
And ſuch exalted views of beauty gains;
The matchleſs ſcience he at length deſcries,
Within whoſe ample orb this beauty lies.
Above the mighty ſea ſublimely ſoars,
And, eagle-ey'd, its vaſt extent explores.
But now with thought profound my words attend,
And mark their noble, tho' myſterious, end.
Whoe'er advancing then by fit degrees,
Thus much of love thro' contemplation ſees:
Approaching now with rapturous delight,
Near and more near to perfect beauty's ſight;
Sudden, while yet his thoughts their flight purſue,
Beauty itſelf will burſt upon his view:
That very beauty which, with anxious thought,
His reſtleſs ſoul in all her labours ſought;
Beauty tranſcendantly ſublime and fair,
Beyond deſcription, and without compare.
Long* ere the ſun aroſe to mortal ſight,
And Nature's face grew ſplendid with his light;

* This muſt be underſtood according to cauſal, but not temporal, priority.

Before the moon, by paler luſtre known,
On drowſy night with ray reflective ſhone;
Before the ſtars with trembling fires appear'd,
Or antient Earth her lofty mountains rear'd;
Or Ocean riſing from his deeps profound,
Begirt with liquid graſp the ſolid ground:
This beauty flouriſh'd by itſelf alone,
The faireſt offspring of the thrice unknown;
Without beginning, and without decay,
Thro' deep eternity diffus'd its ray.
Whence all the beauty of the Gods aroſe,
And whence the world itſelf for ever flows.
For nought ſuch matchleſs beauty can impair,
Which always *is*, and is ſupremely fair:
Unlike the paſſing forms of mortal frame,
Which not a moment e'er abide the ſame.
Nor is this beauty fair alone and bright,
When view'd one way, or in one certain light;
Such as the beauty which in nature ſhines,
Whoſe ev'ry part according diſcord joins.
No change of time this beauty can impair,
Unlike the beauty of the cloudleſs air.
Nor Heav'n's blue vault, nor æther's fiery glow,
Unfading beauty ſuch as this can know.
No place peculiar beauty can confine,
Like this unbounded, and like this divine;
Such as in parts of mother earth prevails,
Adorn'd with verdant hills and flow'ry vales.
Imagination may attempt in vain,
The form of beauty ſuch as this to gain;

In vain may veſtigate her paſſive mind,
Some object beautiful like this to find.
No ſhape it owns, nor any mortal grace,
Nor branching arms, nor mind-illumin'd face,
Nor is this beauty of a ſingle kind,
Reaſon particular, or partial mind;
Nor in the forms of Nature it reſides,
Nor day reveals it, nor the darkneſs hides;
Nor in the earth, nor in the heav'ns it reigns,
No parts divide it, and no whole contains:
But in the Good's bright veſtibule retir'd,
And by its ſolitary ſelf inſpir'd
To ſacred converſe, ſingle and alone,
'Tis only to itſelf completely known:
In eſſence ſimple, and without compare,
No change can reach it, and no chance impair.
All beauteous forms to this their beauty owe,
And from its nature as their fountain flow;
Yet while like ſtreams they ſwiftly glide away,
This wond'rous beauty never knows decay;
Nor grows, nor dies, like thoſe of mortal frame,
Nor ever alters, but abides the ſame.
When re-aſcending by a vig'rous flight,
A man begins to gain this beauty's ſight:
If Love's right path he ſteadily purſue,
His *end propos'd* will *nearly* riſe to view.
With love to ſome fair body firſt inclin'd,
To many next, he then ſhould ſoar to mind.
From mind to art, from art to ſcience riſe,
Till beauty's ſcience he at length deſcries:

Nor e'er in this aſcent remit his flight,
Till boundleſs beauty burſt upon his ſight.
Here, deareſt Socrates, alone reſides
The happy life, for ever here abides.
Here is the only ſource of true delight,
To live eternal in this beauty's ſight;
A glimpſe of which, if ever you attain,
Will prove the vulgar thoughts of beauty vain:
The beautiful itſelf will not appear
In coſtly robes, in youths or damſels fair;
In burniſh'd gold, or in the di'mond's blaze,
Or in the echoes of immortal praiſe:
Tho' to the many phantoms ſuch as theſe,
Alone are beautiful, alone can pleaſe;
Whoſe very preſence ſuch delight can give,
With theſe they wiſh eternally to live;
And ſuch unreal beauties to ſecure,
With patient mind the wants of life endure.
If tranſport then ariſes from the view
Of beauty ſuch as vulgar ſouls purſue;
Think of that boundleſs joy the mind conceives,
Whoſe eye the *beautiful itſelf* perceives:
In ſimple eſſence beaming on the ſight,
Not fair with figure, nor with colour bright.
To ſouls refin'd, can ſuch a life be ſeen
Of little worth, contemptible or mean;
Perceive you not, that he whoſe piercing eye
Is able perfect beauty to deſcry,
Thus, and thus only, fill'd with wiſdom's ſeed,
Virtue ſubſtantial can attain to breed?

Till now become the fav'rite of the ſkies,
Mature in virtue, and completely wiſe;
His ſoul indignant leaves this frail abode,
And reigns exalted 'midſt the Gods a God.

HYMNS,

&c. &c.

TO VENUS.

A LUCID, royal, foam-begotten fount,
The ſecond monad of the ſolar gods,
By ſov' reign Jupiter produc'd, I ſing.
Hail parent goddeſs! ſecret, fav'ring Queen,
Whoſe all-prolific deity firſt ſhines
Harmonic 'midſt the *ſupermundane* gods;
And thence according ſtreams of beauteous light,
The ſource of union to material forms,
Diffuſes wide thro' Nature's flowing realms.
The amatory impulſe which pervades,
Allures, and raiſes all things by its power,
From thee, as from its fontal cauſe, proceeds:
And thy unbounded mental ſplendor draws
To beauty's ſelf, its progeny divine.
Mother of Loves! a wing'd immortal tribe,
Whoſe triple order, with reſiſtleſs ſway,
The ever-changing race of mortals rules.
The greatly-wiſe of old, in ſacred hymns,
Divinely myſtic, thee as Night invok'd,
Becauſe th' exemplar of thy ſplendid form

Subſiſts in union awfully occult,
Amid the great intelligible gods.
Thee too, as Lyſian Bacchus, they ador'd,
Becauſe thou pour'ſt, as from an endleſs fount,
Th' intoxicating ſtreams of beauty's light,
Which vig'rous agitate th' enraptur'd ſoul,
And aid her to diſſolve her natal bonds:
To fly indignant from the realms of night,
And gain th' eternal palace of her ſire.
Once in truth's ſplendid and immortal plain,
With thee in bleſt deific union join'd,
Th' unknown pulchritudes of myſtic forms,
Which ſhine apparent in a lucid place,
Beyond the ſacred mental Heav'n, I ſaw.
But when the latent ſeeds of mad deſire,
With gradual evolution ſilent ſpread,
And rous'd the baneful tendency to change;
My wretched ſoul her mental eye withdrew
From perfect beauty's progeny divine,
And all the ſplendid forms contain'd in thee,
And heedleſs gaz'd on matter's fraudful face.
Then earthly images with guile replete,
Like thee appearing to my clouded ſight,
The figur'd eye of phantaſy aſſail'd,
And caus'd oblivion of ſupernal goods.
Unhappily from thee, I then retir'd,
And downward verg'd, as earthly love increas'd,
Till with inſanity my ſoul was fill'd,
And into Hyle's ſtormy darkneſs hurl'd.
For then her former dignity impair'd,

My ſoul unable longer to extend
Intelligibly with the mighty world,
Her eſſence with all-various powers replete,
Through dark oblivion of thy beauteous form,
And wonder rais'd by Nature's guileful arts,
Lethargic tended towards ſolid forms,
Full of impetuous matter's baſe alloy.
Hence in her paſſage thro' th' etherial orbs,
Whate'er replete with light and warmth ſhe found,
And well-adapted body to connect,
This with avidity ſhe madly ſeiz'd;
Herſelf involving in coercive bonds,
Form'd from theſe circles, and their moving lines,
And ſpreading round her like a filmy net.
But when thro' places near the moon ſhe paſs'd,
Which nat'rally a ſubtle air poſſeſs,
Mix'd with a ſpirit heavy and obſcure;
Here, as ſhe mov'd, by Nature's force impell'd,
A noiſe vehement in her courſe ſhe rais'd,
And a moiſt ſpirit in herſelf receiv'd.
Then wide extending, as ſhe gradual fell,
Each orb's entangling ſurfaces and lines,
And partly downwards thro' her ſpirit drawn,
And partly ſtruggling for ſupernal forms,
Her ſpheric figure loſt in lengthening rays,
She ſunk, tranſmuted to a human ſhape.
In baneful hour thus fall'n and obſcur'd,
And in dark Hyle's loud-reſounding ſea
Deep merg'd her veſtment of etherial mould,
For one membraneous and terrene ſhe chang'd.

The lines too, which before with fiery light,
And colour'd with a fiery redneſs ſhone,
She chang'd into the groſſer form of nerves.
And laſt, from theſe inferior realms aſſum'd
A ſpirit pond'rous, humid, and obſcure.
Thus with a nat'ral body cover'd o'er,
From certain ſurfaces membraneous form'd,
With ſpirit, nerves, and filmy lines combin'd,
Th' external body's harmony and root,
Thro' which its parts are nouriſh'd and ſuſtain'd,
My clouded and lethargic ſoul at length
Thy perfect beauty and alluring light
Forgot, the ſource of energy divine.
All-bounteous Goddeſs, may thy ſplendid eye,
Whoſe beauteous rays the univerſe connect
With anagogic and harmonic bonds,
Beam on my ſoul with elevating power,
And freedom rouſe unconſcious of reſtraint.
Diſperſe theſe earthly unſubſtantial forms,
Which oft attempt to faſcinate my ſoul,
And fix in lethargy her active powers.
For magic Hyle, by her guileful arts,
With ſhadowy beauty charms the eye of ſenſe,
And darkly imitates thy ſplendid form.
O gracious aid me by *theurgic* arts,
T' appeaſe great Neptune's overwhelming ire;
And raiſe me by the power of myſtic ſong,
Thy ſplendid palace in the plain of truth,
And anagogic centre to regain.
But grant my life, if long I'm doom'd to ſtray

A mourning captive from thy fair domain,
May peaceful glide, in ſolitude conceal'd,
And wrapt in bliſsful intellectual reſt.
That thus with thee, in ſecret union join'd,
Ev'n while inveſted with this cumbrous ſhell,
My ſoul *firſt being's* veſtibule may gain,
Borne on the flaming wings of holy love,
And ſeated there with ſolitary gaze,
The o'erflowing fountain of the Gods may view.

TO LOVE.

THEE, mighty Dæmon, anagogic Love,
First beauty's splendid progeny, I sing:
Whose mystic fire, descending from on high,
Diffuses wide intelligible light,
The source of union to material forms:
And seated in the vestibule sublime,
The secret entrance to the highest god,
All secondary natures upwards calls
With energetic and alluring voice.
Hail, beauteous son of æther, tender god!
All-spreading, dark-ey'd splendor, flaming flower.
Four circling eyes * adorn thy four-fold face,

* For Love, in the Orphic theology, is in a certain respect the same as Phanes; and the following verse, preserved by Hermias, in his MS. Commentary on the Phædrus, shews that he is adorned with four eyes.

Τέτρασιν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὁρώμενος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα.

i. e. "possessing through four eyes an unbounded vision."

And cauſe thy *perfect*, and unbounded ſight:
Two golden wings emitting mental fire,
Impell thee rapid, thro' the mighty world:
And laſt, four different heads thy form compleat;
With aweful majeſty, and grace combin'd.
For firſt the viſage of a beauteous ram,
And then a bull's bedect with radiant horns:
A dragon's next, with ever-watchful eyes,
And tawny lion's front thy ſhape adorn.
And hence thy wond'rous nature is replete
With zoogonic, and defenſive power.]
Thy ſplendid eſſence in itſelf contains
The bright exemplar of all Dæmon forms:
And hence thy ſummit 'midſt the gods ſupreme,
United to the higheſt beauty ſhines.
But in the ranks of ſupermundane gods,
Thy middle proceſs mentally appears;
And thro' the mighty world with fertile power,
And multifarious energies replete,
Thy third progreſſion every where pervades.
But after thy uniting higheſt form,
And triple eſſence perfected from thence;
A various multitude of loves ſhines forth,
By thee adorn'd with intellectual light:

And that Phanes has four heads is well known: from which it appears that each head poſſeſſes but one eye; for if this is denied, ſome one of the heads muſt be deſtitute of ſight. Hence, ſince Love is the exemplar of all dæmon forms, we may perhaps collect the reaſon why the Homeric Polyphemus is one-eyed, or a Cyclops.

From whence th' angelic choirs are largely fill'd
With flaming zeal, and over-flowing love;
And all the middle ranks, of Dæmon forms
Full of thy ardent deity attend
The gods to perfect beauty's ſelf recall'd.
Hence too, the heroes anagogic band,
About firſt beauty rapidly revolves,
With joy divine, and bacchanalian rage.
But godlike human ſouls allied to thee,
And touch'd with thy tranſporting mental fire,
In dance harmonic, round true beauty move;
And into Hyle's ſtormy regions fall,
To benefit more dull lethargic ſouls;
Who lull'd to reſt on Lethe's flow'ry brink,
Have loſt all knowledge of their priſtine ſtate,
Merg'd in groſs vapour, and in night profound.
Thy wond'rous middle nature firſt appear'd,
When beauteous Venus from the ſilver'd foam,
The ſounding ſea's bright bloſſom roſe to light.
But this, in ſymbols obvious to the wiſe,
Shews thy production from that fertile power,
Who firſt ſhines forth as demiurgic life,
Amid the ruling ſupermundane gods.
'Tis ſaid, thy all-connecting nature ſprung
From wretched penury, with plenty join'd:
For mind conſider'd as the ſeat of forms,
Reſembles want, ſelf-unconfin'd, and void;
But as its own intelligible good,
Is perfect plenitude, divinely fair.
Hence as intelligence thy nature ſhines,

For ever pregnant with ſome new deſire:
Now from thy father's rich abundance full,
Now thro' thy mother, poverty extreme;
Bleſt Lyſian god! regard my ſuppliant pray'r,
And free my captive, but indignant ſoul,
From guileful Lethe's faſcinating realms.
Diſperſe the noxious race of earthly loves,
That eagerly with wanton flames contend
To rouſe deſires phantaſtic and impure.
My ſoul illume with beams of holy fire,
And all her vivid mental powers expand;
That thus her lucid car, from ſenſe refin'd,
May rapid riſe, on flaming pinions borne,
And joyful gain her anagogic goal.
Oh haſte my flight to thoſe paternal rays
From which my ſoul with mind inveſted came,
And in her paſſage pluck'd Empyrean flowers.
For this, O give my ſoul's immortal depth
O'er ſenſe and phantaſy to reign ſupreme,
And all her amatory eyes extend
To truth's wide-ſpreading and prolific plain;
From whence intelligible light evolv'd,
Proceeds redundant thro' the mighty world,
And vig'rous agitates material forms.
For now reluctant in the realms of night,
Of folly weary, and with labours ſad,
And hourly panting to depart, I roam.
Haſte then, bleſt power, and burſt the magic bonds
Which firſt thro' earthly love my ſoul enchain'd;
Nor longer thus afflicted and forlorn,

Prolong this death-like, unſubſtantial life,
For ever rolling with impetuous ſpeed,
Like ſome dark river, into matter's ſea.
Or if ſtill longer I am doom'd to roam,
A wretched exile, from thy fair domain;
Oh grant me ſoon the neceſſary means
(That ardent object of my ſoul's deſire)
To fly indignant from the vulgar throng,
And lead in ſolitude a life divine.

TO NEPTUNE.

THE ſecond monad of the *ruling* kings,
A vital, ſuper-mundane god, I ſing:
Whoſe power, all life and origin unfolds,
And into beautiful progreſſion calls.
Hail, fertile Neptune! whoſe extended might,
O'er all the planetary ſyſtem reigns;
And gives perfection to its rolling orbs,
With motions vig'rous, various, and divine.
Whate'er the middle elements contain,
With moiſture's fluctuating form replete,
'Tis thine with ever-watchful eye to guard;
And thro' the whole of generation's realms,
Earthquakes, and hollows, and irriguous caves,
Sacred to Naiads, to thy ſway belong:
Whence ſouls in matter's flow'ring regions toſt,
Are under thy dominion ſaid to live.
The middle centre of the mighty world
With fertile life replete to thee belongs;
And ev'ry middle ſtation thro' the whole
Is rul'd by thee, from whom its nature flows.

And as from Jove, paternal monad! ſprings
The three *commanding demiurgic* gods;
So from thy eſſence centre of the three,
The vital order, full of fertile power
And unpolluted energy, proceeds.
Hence *Proſerpine* for ever flows from thee,
As ſuper-mundane's life's exhauſtleſs fount.
The wiſe of old invok'd thee as the ſame
With ſacred *Juſtice*; whoſe all-piercing eye,
With viſion unconfin'd and pure, perceives
The life and conduct of the human race.
For *Juſtice* only has the power to join
From *truth*'s equality oppoſing forms:
And *life* connects in union and conſent
The different ſpecies of this mighty whole.
Hence from the Sun's bright middle throne 'tis thine,
Diffus'd thro' all things, over all to rule.
Hence, too, 'tis ſaid, the *ever-fertile* muſe,
The fair *Thalia*, is conjoin'd with thee;
Becauſe thou pour'ſt, as from an endleſs fount,
The vig'rous ſtreams of all-producing life:
And, 'midſt the liberated gods, 'tis thine
The ever-circling ranks of ſouls to rule.
Earth-ſhaking, dark-hair'd god, regard my prayer,
And aid my captive, but indignant, ſoul
From Hyle's dread voracious rage to fly,
And gain her native, long-deſerted home,
And bliſsful union with thy ſplendid form.
For once in truth's wide-ſpreading fertile plain,
Merg'd in thy central deity, I ſaw

The unknown unities of all the gods
Enſhrin'd in perfect beauty's boundleſs light.
But when the madd'ning impulſe of deſire,
Produc'd by Hyle's fluctuating life,
With ſilent evolution guileful ſpread,
And caus'd oblivion of ſupernal goods;
In evil hour, unconſcious of my change,
And fraught with ſeeds of bitter woe, to earth
I ruſh'd impetuous; but in falling paſs'd
Thro' various-colour'd widely-wand'ring ſtreams,
With guilt and ruin partners of my flight.
Firſt in a whirlpool, livid and obſcure,
Widely-diffus'd, voluminous and cold,
And ſluggiſh in its courſe, my ſoul was plung'd.
Then thro' a gentle milk-white ſtream ſhe fell,
Whoſe ſilv'ry waves with ſilent motion glide;
And paſs'd from hence to one of ruddy fire,
Whoſe rapid waters roll with headlong rage
In glittering currents and ſulphureous whirls.
Then thro' a river, beautiful and wide,
Whoſe golden ſtreams are bright with glitt'ring
flames,
I ſunk, enamoured of phantaſtic forms,
Pregnant with death, and eager to be loſt.
But farther ſtill deſcending in my flight,
Next thro' a ſtream divinely fair I fell,
A ſtream nectareous, more than amber pure:
And then thro' one in rapid whirlpools toſt,
With various colours bright, I thoughtleſs plung'd.

Laſt, thro' a current*, whoſe meand'ring ſtreams
Produce all waters, foamiug as they flow,
With ev'ry river's humid ſeeds replete,
I fell; by love of outward form enſnar'd,
And guileful nature's faſcinating charms:
Till plung'd in infancy and night profound,
And in this earthly cumbrous ſhell inclos'd,
The ſoul's dark priſon and Tartarian tomb,
I loſt all knowledge of my former ſtate,
And ancient union with thy central fount.
Fertile, triadic, all-producing god!
Regard the fervent tribute of my praiſe,
And haſte my paſſage to my native home.
Oh burſt the bands of generation's life,
Dark and deluſive, impotent and vain;
Like the black ocean, rolling without reſt,
And wildly toſt, with loud-reſounding ſtorms.
Or if ſtill longer I am doom'd to ſtay
A mourning exile from the courts of light,
O gracious free me from the baneful rage
Of all my marine and material foes;
Nor ſuffer me, abandon'd, to ſuſtain
Th' o'erwhelming billows of dark matter's flood;
Where flying mockeries of perfect life,
In ſwift ſucceſſion riſe and diſappear;
And to the eye of cogitation ſeem
Like ſhadows on a ſea of ſhadow toſt,

* Theſe ſeven ſtreams ſignify the ſeven planetary ſpheres. See Martianus Capella.

Which riſe and vaniſh with deluſive play,
And vainly imitate ſubſtantial forms.
Give mental peace and neceſſary health,
From vulgar cares, and cruel labours reſt,
And wealth ſufficient for a life divine:
That thus my days, in ſolitude conceal'd,
May ſhine auſpicious, and with tranſport glide;
Spent in purſuit of intellectual good,
Deific viſions of the higheſt forms,
And central union with the *god of gods*.

To the whole of a pure intellectual Eſſence, conſidered as forming one intelligible World.

O FAIREST offspring of a ſire unknown!
Splendour immenſe, all-comprehending god;
Thy bleſt intelligible world I'll ſing,
And celebrate the beauty it contains.
Witneſs, ye ſhining ſtars, that nightly roll
With ever-wakeful and rejoicing fires:
Witneſs, thou moon, whoſe ever-changing orb
Gives due perfection to material forms:
And thou, O ſun! bright ruler of the ſtars,
And ſacred arbiter of pious ſouls,
Witneſs the conſtant tribute of my praiſe;
Witneſs the myſtic ardour of my ſoul.
To thee my wings, from Hyle's dire abode
I ſtretch, impatient of a ſpeedy flight;
That rapid to thy palace I may riſe,
And in *the good's* bright veſtibule exult.
For there the great intelligible gods,
Like daz'ling lamps, in ſpheres of cryſtal ſhine;
Ineffably announcing by their light
Th' abode of deity's o'erflowing fount.

All-perfect father, may thy piercing eye
Shine on my ſoul with ſacred hymns replete,
And rouſe conceptions bright with mental fire!
Now from the barriers of the race divine,
Urg'd by the Muſe's vivid fire, I ſtart;
And rapid to the goal of ſacred verſe,
To gain the ſoul's Olympic honours, run.
A voice divine in intellect's retreats,
Now gently murmurs with inſpiring ſound.
O bleſſed father, deity ſublime!
Propitious liſten to my ſuppliant prayer,
And haſte my union with thy beauteous world:
Thy world with ev'ry excellence endu'd,
And with ideas omniform replete.
There ſhines the ſun with intellectual light,
And ev'ry ſtar is there a mental ſun.
Each contains all; yet ſep'rate and diſtinct
Particulars their proper character preſerve.
There all is truly all, immenſely great,
Motion is pure, *abiding* without change;
And ev'ry part exiſts a perfect whole.
O grant my ſoul the lynx's piercing eye,
That I may penetrate the depth divine
Thy bleſt intelligible world contains.
There each inhabitant, with boundleſs view,
Light within light perpetually perceives;
Nor finds in ought vacuity to check
Th' unweary'd energies of mental ſight.
But all things there with pow'r untam'd ſubſiſt,
And each by ſeeing more abundant ſees.

Now in my phantaſy from ſenſe refin'd,
A lucid image of a globe appears,
Throughout diäphanous; whoſe orb contains
The ſun, and ſtars, and ev'ry mundane form,
And all things ſhine in each divinely fair.
And while this lucid ſpectacle remains,
My ſoul attempts to frame a brighter ſphere:
Devoid of bulk, ſubſiſting without place,
And from the images of matter free.
Come then, bleſt parent of that ſphere divine,
Whoſe mental image anxious I explore;
Come with thy own intelligible world,
And all the gods its beauteous realms contain.
With all things come conſpiring into one:
That thus with thee, in perfect union join'd,
My ſoul may recognize thy matchleſs fire;
May vig'rous riſe to his occult retreats,
And fly alone to ſolitary good.

A Panegyric on the moſt eminent intellectual Philoſophers of Antiquity.

IN juſt proportion to the ſolar ray,
Tho' truth eternal gives the mental day,
Yet of our race moſt ne'er behold its light,
Faſt bound in matter's cave involv'd in night,
And but a few emerging from her den,
Its brighteſt ſplendor can diſtinctly ken.
This noble few in Greece of old were found,
Whoſe names mankind with juſt applauſe reſound.
See, like ſome god deſcended from the ſkies,
Pythag'ras ſtands the foremoſt of the wiſe;
Celeſtial beauties in his perſon ſhine;
His manners modeſt, and his life divine.
See, like ſome oracle, by Heav'n inſpir'd,
His breaſt with more than mortal wiſdom fir'd,
While to his harp he ſings his former fate,
The ſoul's tranſitions, and eternal ſtate.
He far diſcovered in the realms of mind,
And ſoar'd from ſenſe with vigor unconfin'd.
See Heraclitus quit his rightful throne,
The various follies of mankind to moan;

Mark, how he ſcorns the multitude impure,
And truths ſublime deſcribes in words obſcure;
Attentive liſten to his fav'rite theme,
That all things flow like ſome perpetual ſtream;
And ever varying, without check or ſtay,
Riſe to new life, or gradually decay.
He ſaw the depths of matter's dark domain,
Stormy and whirling, like the raging main;
Yet well the realms of intellect he knew,
Where all is lovely, permanent, and true;
And certain of the ſoul's immortal frame,
Obſcurely told her lapſe, and whence ſhe came.
Next view Parmenides, by Heav'n inſpir'd,
And from th' ignoble multitude retir'd;
Divinely meditate, and ſing alone,
In venerable verſe the myſtic one.
Indignant from the realms of ſenſe he flew,
Corporeal forms receding from his view,
Till leaving matter's regions far behind,
His piercing ſight diſcern'd the world of mind.
See great Empedocles with rapture cry,
" Farewell, a god immortal cannot die."
In verſe divine he ſung the wretched fate
Of ſouls impriſon'd in this mortal ſtate;
And man he call'd, (immers'd in matter's night)
" Heav'n's exile, ſtraying from his orb of light."
See Plato next in rank of wiſdom ſtand,
Whoſe godlike works unbounded praiſe demand;
Who roſe ſublime to truth's immortal plain,
And ſcorn'd dull body, and her dark domain.

To good itſelf he ſoar'd with eager flight,
Till boundleſs beauty met his piercing ſight.
See him, with elegance ſublime, unfold
Whate'er was known to men divine of old;
Yet but a few the ſecret ſenſe can find,
And wond'rous depth of his capacious mind;
In garb poetic, ſtudious to diſguiſe
The lovely form of truth from vulgar eyes.
Next Ariſtotle claims our juſt applauſe,
Who thought itſelf confin'd by logic laws;
By gradual ſteps who teaches how to ſoar,
And the bright world of intellect explore.
To theſe philoſophers ſucceed a race
Of glorious ſouls, adorn'd with ev'ry grace;
All men divine, of ancient wiſdom's train,
And juſtly call'd by ſome a golden chain.
See, as the leader of the noble band,
The greatly-wiſe and good Plotinus ſtand;
Genius ſublime! whilſt bound in mortal ties,
Thy ſoul had frequent commerce with the ſkies;
And oft you loos'n'd the lethargic folds,
By which th' indignant mind dark matter holds.
What depth of thought, what energy is thine!
What rays of intellect in ev'ry line!
The more we fathom thy exalted mind,
A ſtronger light, a greater depth we find.
Thee, too, bleſt Porphyry, my muſe ſhall ſing,
Since from the great Plotinus' ſchool you ſpring;
What holy thoughts thy ſacred books contain!
What ſtores of wiſdom from thy works we gain!

Urg'd on by thee, we learn from ſenſe to riſe,
To break its fetters, and its charms deſpiſe.
Nor ſhall my muſe the juſt applauſe decline,
Due to Jamblichus, ſurnamed divine:
Who pierc'd the veil, which hid in dark diſguiſe
Wiſdom's deep myſteries from mortal eyes.
Whoſe godlike ſoul an ample mirror ſeems,
Strongly reflecting mind's unclouded beams:
Or, like ſome ſphere capacious, poliſh'd bright,
Throughout diäphanous, and full of light.
Great Syrianus next, O muſe, reſound,
For depth and ſubtilty of thought renown'd.
Genius acute! th' exalted taſk was thine
The concord to diſplay of men divine.
And what in fable was by them conceal'd,
Thy piercing mind perſpicuouſly reveal'd.
But greatly eminent above the reſt,
Proclus, the Coryphæus, ſtands confeſt.
Hail mighty genius! of the human race,
Alike the guide, the glory, and the grace:
Whoſe volumes, full of genuine ſcience, ſhine
With thoughts magnificent, and truths divine.
Whoſe periods, too, redundant roll along,
Like ſome clear ſtream, majeſtically ſtrong.
While genius lives, thy num'rous works ſhall laſt,
Alike the future wonder as the paſt.
Hermæas and Olympiodorus claim
Our rev'rence next, as men of mighty name;
While yet philoſophy could boaſt a train
Of ſouls ally'd to Homer's golden chain;

The former for unfolding truth renown'd,
The latter famous for his mind profound.
Damaſcius, of a moſt inquiring mind,
And accurate Simplicius laſt we find.
Heroes, all hail! who left your native ſkies
From Lethe's realms t' inſtruct us how to riſe,
And thus once more our kindred ſtars regain,
And ancient ſeats in truth's immortal plain,
From whence we wand'ring fell, thro' mad deſire
Of matter's regions, and allotments dire.
Let Ign'rance proudly boaſt her tyrant reign,
Her num'rous vot'ries, and her wide domain;
Your wiſdom ſcorn, and with barbaric hand
Spread *dire deluſion* thro' a falling land.
By you inſpir'd, the glorious taſk be mine
To ſoar from ſenſe, and ſeek a life divine;
From phantaſy, the ſoul's Calypſo, free,
To ſail ſecure on life's tempeſtuous ſea,
Led by your doctrines, like the Pleiad's light,
With guiding radiance ſtreaming thro' the night;
From mighty Neptune's overwhelming ire,
Back to the palace of my lawful ſire.

A Tranſlation of a Fragment of an ancient aſtro-
logical Greek Poet, preſerved by Stobæus.

THRO' Heav'n's bright path, with energy divine,
Seven widely wand'ring ſtars eternal ſhine.
The lovely Sun, the Moon fair lamp of night,
And Saturn ſad, whom tears and woes delight.
Venus, whoſe arts connubial love inſpire,
And boiſt'rous Mars the friend of diſcord dire.
The pow'rful Hermes deck'd with graceful wings,
And genial Jove, from whom great nature ſprings.
From theſe revolving thro' the azure round,
A mighty influence on our race is found.
Hence Saturn, Hermes, Jove, in man are ſeen,
The Sun, Moon, Mars, and Venus beauty's Queen.
For by the fates inviolable law,
From an etherial ſpirit theſe we draw.
Thus ſleep, tears, laughter, birth, rage, ſpeech, deſire,
Theſe wand'ring ſtars in human ſouls inſpire.
For tears are Saturn much afflicted pow'r!
Our birth is Jove, who guards the natal hour.
Fair Venus, we may call deſire's alarms,
Our ſleep's the moon, our rage the god of arms.

Our ſpeech is Hermes, and with laughter gay
Accords the nature of the god of day.
Since thro' the ſplendor of the ſolar light,
Our reas'ning pow'rs are raviſh'd with delight,
And the wide world conſpires with gen'ral voice
Thro' this, with mirth unceaſing, to rejoice.

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